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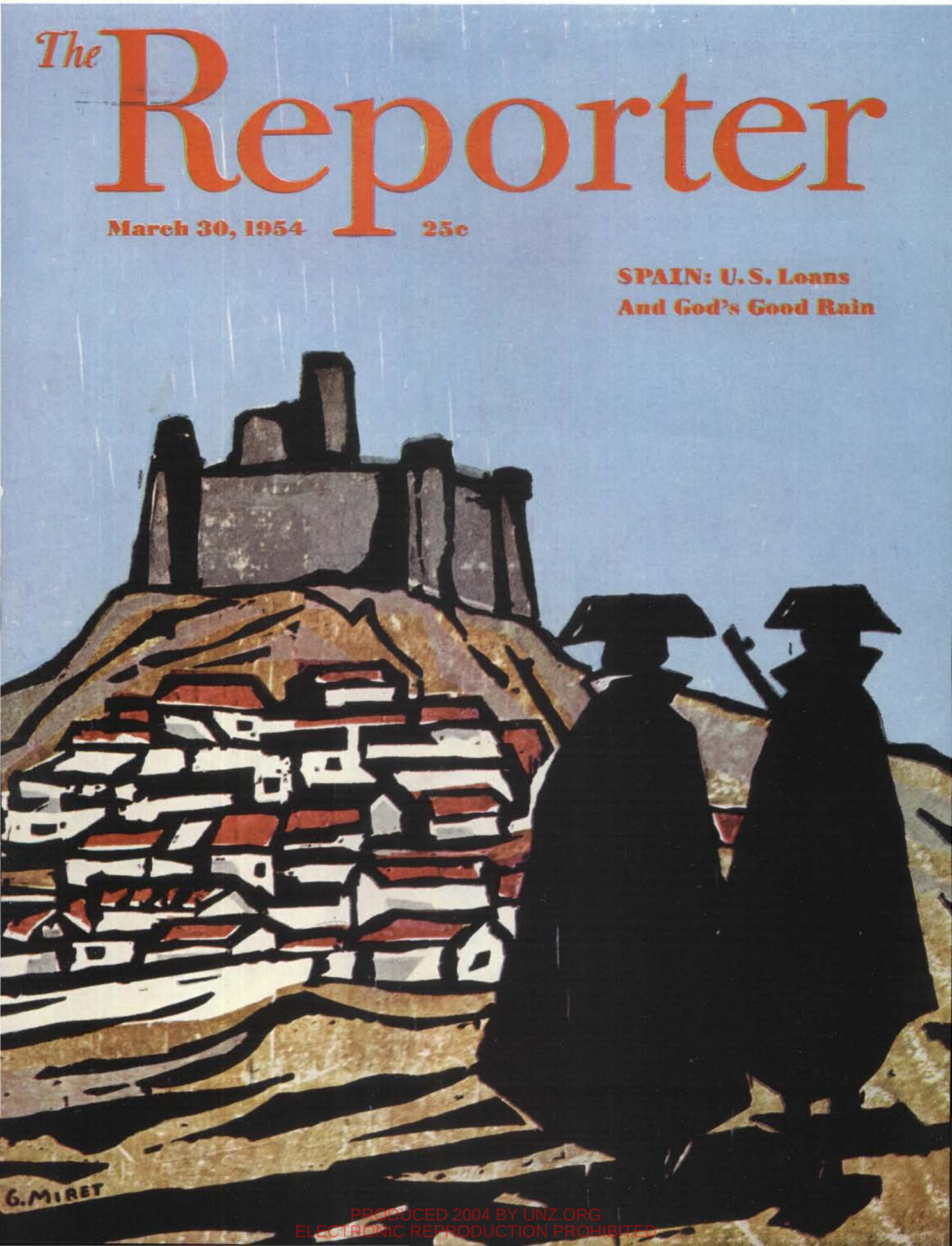

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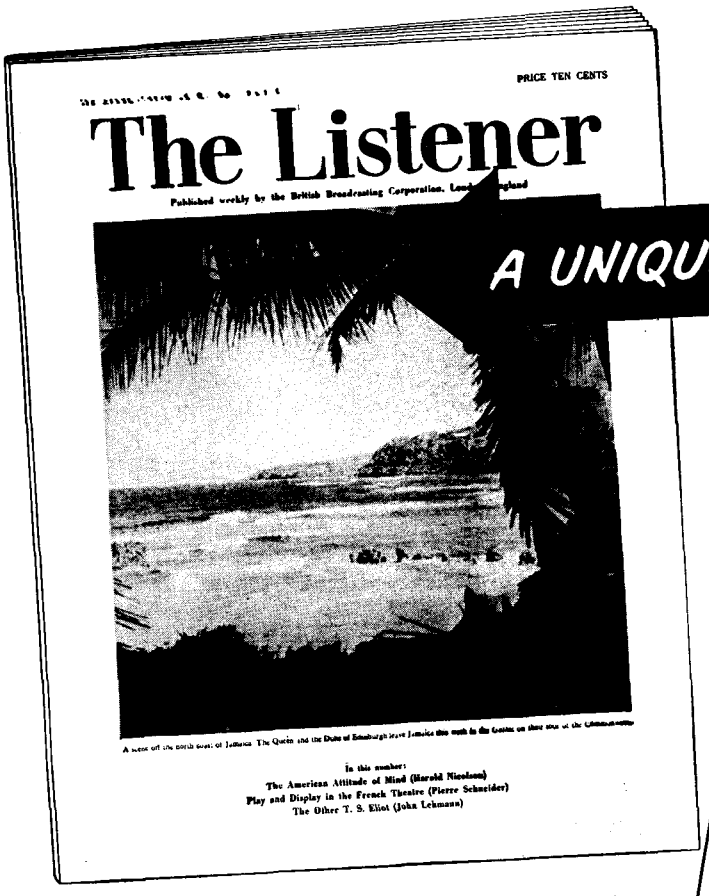
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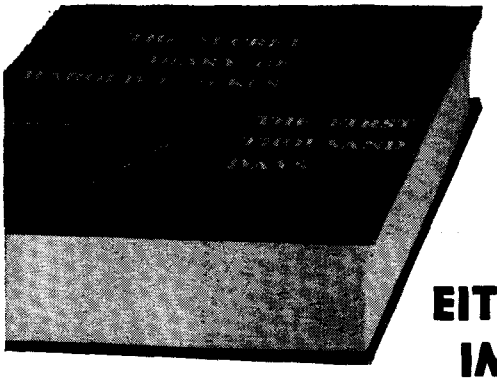

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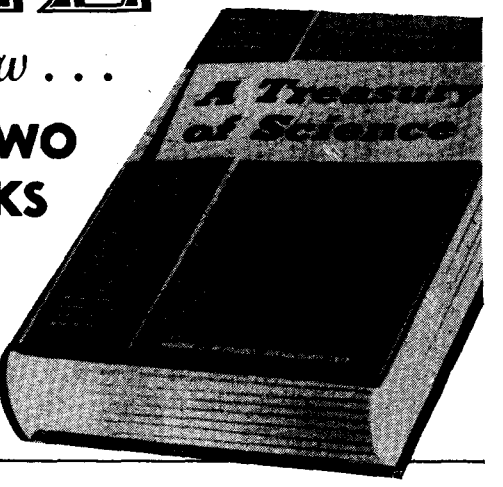

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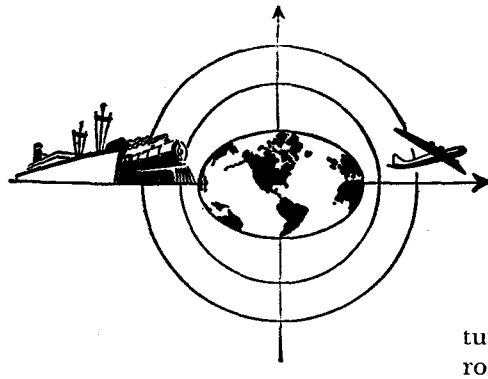

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Can and the Dog

We liked the speech that Adlai Stevenson made down at Miami Beach. Those of us who have acquired a taste for the Stevensonian prose were not disappointed. The fine phrases, the flourishes, the perceptive eloquence were all there and, wrapped within them, the sincerity that can't be faked, the honest disturbance of emotion, the resonance of words that flow from principle and forethought.

On settling down to reread the speech in our less high-minded, practical-politics mood we found we had some questions. We don't know the answers to these questions yet but, thinking out loud, we feel that someone in the Democratic Party had better hammer them out soon.

In his speech, it seemed to us, the Democratic chieftain inclined to the tactically easy approach of tying the McCarthy can to the Republican dog and flogging both for all they were worth. If a majority of the voters can be roused against McCarthyism—and we think they can—this may be the surest way to gain Democratic control of House and Senate eight months from now. This approach requires, however, that Eisenhower be painted as a senile Hindenburg, brooding over the American scene, confused yet acquiescent as the new Führer collects his forces and prepares a ceremonial burial for the honored soldier. But a Democratic strategy based on this picture will tie both Republican wings together more firmly than ever, polarizing the united party even further to the extreme.

We may be naïve in suggesting to tough-minded politicians that this easy strategy can prove dangerous in the long run. But McCarthyism is a phenomenon deeper and more disturbing than partisan maneuver. Its roots lie deep in our current distemper, in the fear, surliness, and distrust that seem to be dividing and staining the American community of decency and good will.

An alternative Democratic strategy might be to try to distinguish between the Republicans and McCarthyism in a campaign based on old-fashioned ideas like freedom, brotherhood, and fair play. This would require the Democratic attack to be focused squarely on McCarthyism as a disease of the spirit, afflicting every community and neighborhood, a peril to Republicans and Democrats alike. It might in the end net the Democrats as many votes as the strategy of lumping McCarthy and Eisenhower together. It might do so without the profound danger of polarizing the Republicans into the image so many of us most despise.

Without Carrot, Without Stick

The Caracas conference has turned out to be something much worse than one more orgy of inter-American sisterhood.

The foreign policy of the Eisenhower Administration has been tested in the continent which, up to the time when our country got involved for keeps in world affairs, used to be the training ground for our diplomacy and our diplomats.

The test, to put it quite mildly, hasn't been a success.

The aim of our State Department obviously was to bring our Latin-American policy in line with the "new-look" strategy of the Administration. Should a Communist coup gain power in a country like Nica-

THE REFUGEE

(McCarthy and Dirksen consider "disagreeable labor camps" for "Fifth Amendment Communists" in the Army.)

They're coming near, my son, my son,
  They coming to our door,
I've heard the tramping of their feet
  Some twenty years before.

I heard it first so far away
  I thought it was the sea,
So far away that I was sure
  It could not come to me.

It could not come to us, I said,
  The human dikes are high,
But now I think the dikes are down
  And the feet are tramping by.

The tramping feet, my son, my son,
  Who'll batter down our door
And see to it, my heedless one,
  That we are free no more.

—SEC

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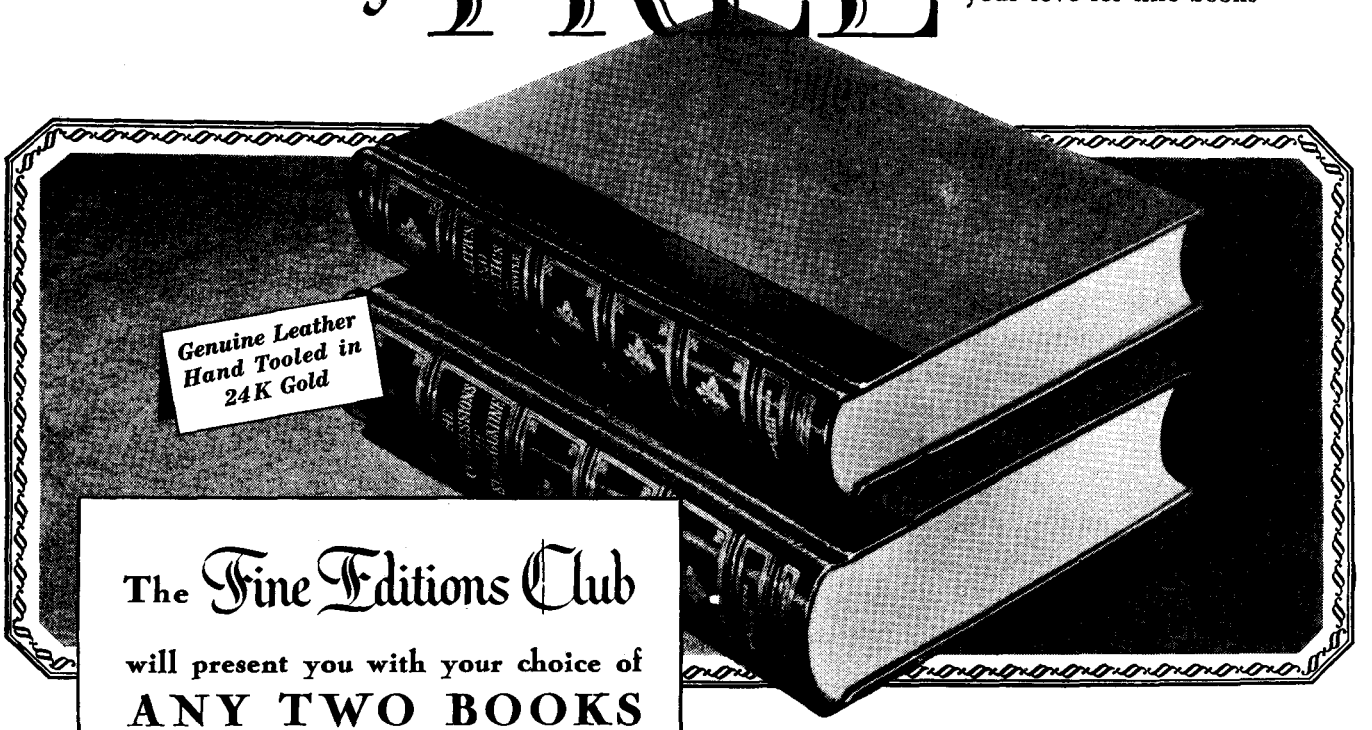

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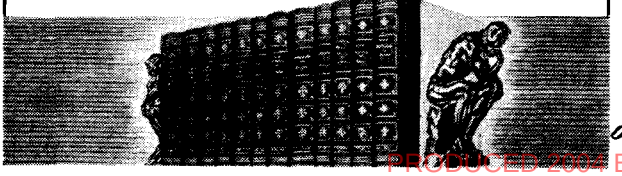

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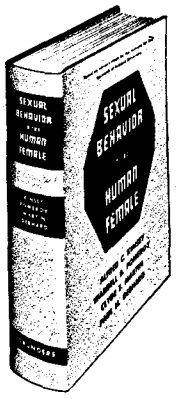

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ragua, our government would have to decide whether this is a provocation great enough to justify a massive retaliatory attack on Moscow or whether to take the whole thing philosophically as a "temporary and local" setback. Both alternatives being rather unpleasant, the State Department must have thought that there was a way out: Let the Americas police the Americas.

We couldn't have stepped into a nastier hornets' nest. The plague-on-both-your-houses position is particularly popular in Latin America when it comes to the prospect of an armed conflict between the United States and Soviet Russia. Quite a number of Latin Americans dream of the time when, the two great powers having weakened each other, the major centers of civilization will flourish south of the Rio Grande.

In Caracas we summoned the Latin-American nations to join with us into an anti-Communist police system. But as a compensation for this intrusion into their internal affairs we offered little more than a few Export-Import and World Bank loans.

The Caracas conference sounded like a pleasant interlude between the nasty meeting at Berlin and the nastier one in Geneva. Secretary Dulles had been the object of fierce attacks from the leaders of the Republican Senate majority after the Berlin conference. In Berlin he had acted as a statesman and had gained the admiration of the Allied leaders. In Caracas, it was thought that by taking a strong anti-Communist position he would regain the full confidence of the U.S. Senate. The fervid consent of the twenty sister republics would give him the prestige he needed with his own party before embarking for Geneva.

Secretary Dulles went to Caracas with the expectation of a striking success both at home and abroad. But it proved to be as difficult to bring together the Latin Americans without a carrot and without a stick as it is to satisfy at all times the Republican majority in the Senate.

SENATOR HICKENLOOPER, the only G.O.P. Congressional leader who went along with the U.S. mission to Caracas, must be a rather unhappy man these days, for he once had an

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806 MULES OFF TO ASSIST NATO

Mules of America, great is your mission,
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Patriots free from the taint of sedition,
Stubborn, conservative, simple of mind.

Wholly secure,
Morally pure,

You will embody the best of our kind,
Proving to all who may fear for our sanity
That American mules are the hope of humanity.

—SEC

expression, "incredible mismanagement," that is made to order to define the whole Caracas venture—but he wasted it some years ago on David Lilienthal.

Who's 'Local?'

The noisy resignation of Dean Clarence Manion as Chairman of the President's Commission on Intergovernmental Relations leaves the Commission with a job still to do. The President described that job when he said in a television speech last January that the government would "decentralize administration as much as possible so that the services of government may be closer to you and thus serve you better."

The general impression is that this problem of "decentralization" is a classic fight between groups that are easily recognized. On one side are people who think the Federal government should do just about everything, on the other those who want Washington to "give back" some of its functions to the states, to local communities, to "the people."

But in the field of electric power, where the fight is getting hottest, that isn't the lineup at all. Take the Hell's Canyon controversy, which is due for another airing before the Federal Power Commission April 7. The issue is whether a big Federal dam or three small private dams will be built in Hell's Canyon, on the Snake River between Oregon and Idaho. The "state and local" side in this fight is the Idaho Power Company, supported by the Federal Department of the Interior.

Idaho Power is a corporation that holds its annual meeting in Maine; all but one of its thirty biggest stockholders are Eastern and Midwestern insurance companies and investment houses.

There can be no possible objection to a private utility's being owned by stockholders all over the country. But one can object to having it painted as "local."

Who is the "Federal" side of the Hell's Canyon battle? Mostly a remarkable collection of local enterprises—public-utility districts, farmer co-ops set up under the Rural Electrification Act, and cities that have gone into the business of buying and distributing their own electricity.

During the last couple of decades, literally millions of local people have organized their own local enterprises to take advantage of Federal electricity and relatively cheap Federal credit.

The striking example is the Rural Electrification Administration co-operatives. In 1935, ninety percent of America's farms had no electricity; today, ninety per cent of them do. In 1935, a farmer had to pay ten, fifteen, or seventeen cents per kilowatt hour; now the national average is a little over three cents. This was accomplished by "local interests."

Washington had to stimulate these "local interests" into action because state legislatures have always been too weak, too subject to influence by large interstate private companies with funds to invest in (or withhold from) political campaign chests.

If "decentralization" prevails and the production and distribution of electric power are "given back" to the states, it is the co-ops, the public-utility districts, and the municipal-power systems that will suffer from the resulting shortage of power.

The damage, however, may not be beyond repair. These true local interests also vote.

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'SOME TRUTH THERE WAS . . .'

To the Editor: You have rendered a great public service by publishing the enlightening article on "McCarthy, Hunt, and Facts Forum" in your February 16 issue.

You would be rendering a far greater public service yet by sending copies of the article to the President and to the members of the Cabinet, some of whom are dancing to the same tune, and to every member of our Congress. The latter in particular. For fear has spread so far, and ignorance seems so abysmal, that even some of our most liberal Senators voted for the whole appropriation the junior Senator of Wisconsin asked for to continue with the sordid work of his subcommittee.

HENRY VOLK
New York City

To the Editor: I just finished reading your excerpted article titled "McCarthy, Hunt, and Facts Forum."

It sounds like it has been written in the editorial room of the *Daily Worker*.

It tries to smear the same people the Communists have been smearing for years now.

There isn't any one of the persons you associated with Facts Forum who isn't a patriotic American.

STEPHEN NENOFF
Publisher
The Southern Patriotic Breeze
Denton, Texas

To the Editor: Those who tend to become emotionally upset by the revelations concerning the rightist propaganda network should take comfort and new courage for constructive action in the fact that rightist fanaticism, like any other fanaticism, tends to defeat itself. The American people cannot be fooled for very long by ideas which do not make sense. Neither isolationism nor extreme nationalism makes sense, and the American people know it.

Both Malenkov and McCarthy can be stopped if good Americans who know the score will take intelligent action now—before it is too late.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
La Canada, California

To the Editor: The obvious action to be taken is to remove Facts Forum from its category of preference for tax relief. No one can dispute the right of any group to disseminate its opinions. But one can challenge the tax exemption awarded any special group rolling its own hoop.

CHARLES E. ARGAST
JEAN M. ARGAST
Indianapolis

To the Editor: Hurray for you! You have outdone the *Daily Worker*.

Yes, your "McCarthy, Hunt, and Facts Forum" is a monument to distortion, an edifice to semantic gyration, and an excellent example of bald-faced lying. You are obviously not against only the surface policy of Facts Forum, but also against the principle of an informed public.

HAYDEN FREEMAN
President
Texas Youth for America
Dallas

To the Editor: Dryden said it all in four lines in the seventeenth century:

"Some truth there was, but dashed and brewed with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all."

HAROLD P. NORBECK
Redfield, South Dakota

To the Editor: On page 24 of your issue of February 16, I am distressed at the references to John Doerfer in the midst of the otherwise fine job on Facts Forum. The clear implication is that Commissioner Doerfer is a stooge of Senator McCarthy, who will jump when the Senator calls the tune. Such an implication is untrue and unfair. As a Professor of Public Utilities, I observed closely the work of Commissioner Doerfer as chairman of the Wisconsin Public Service Commission before his appointment to the FCC. In that earlier role he was the distinguished head of what is perhaps the outstanding state regulatory body in the country, and his work there fully qualified him for his present appointment. That he was supported for a post on the FCC by *both* Senators from Wisconsin was a tribute only to his fine qualifications. Perhaps the most striking proof of this is that when he was back in Wisconsin it was Mr. Doerfer who led the fight which resulted in a recent court decision—now being reviewed by the United States Supreme Court—that natural-gas producers are subject to regulation by the Federal Power Commission. Senator McCarthy, who has been a constant supporter of the oil and gas interests, was on the other side of this fight. It seems to me that you do a disservice to one of the best of our career men in government when you tar him with the same brush that you rightly apply to Commissioner Robert E. Lee.

CHARLES ALAN WRIGHT
Minneapolis

(We are glad to publish this favorable evaluation of Commissioner Doerfer. Surely no man is guilty of McCarthyism simply because he comes from Wisconsin, and no one will be better pleased than we if Commissioner Doerfer helps to maintain the independence of the FCC.)

'FAREWELL TO AID'

To the Editor: "Farewell to Aid," by Harlan Cleveland (*The Reporter*, February 2, 1954), is an extraordinarily searching analysis of the Technical Assistance program.

I personally feel that our international efforts to promote health should put more emphasis upon the work of the World Health Organization and lift the present ceiling of three million dollars, which severely limits the program of that organization.

THOMAS PARRAN
Graduate School of Public Health
The University of Pittsburgh

To the Editor: Mr. Cleveland should get a copy of one of the recent semi-annual reports of the Export-Import Bank of Washington. If he were to study it candidly he would be disabused very quickly of the notion that "Eximbank has never succeeded in cutting loose from its narrow original purpose, which was to lubricate trade rather than invest in other countries' growth." In fact the Export-Import Bank took over the burden of reconstruction loans for which the International Bank was created and has on its books a greater number and amount of development loans. It is possibly still of some relevance that it has regularly shown a profit to the United States of some $50 million a year on a billion dollars of capital after paying interest to the Treasury on borrowed funds.

HERBERT E. GASTON
Santa Monica, California

(Mr. Gaston is a former chairman of the Export-Import Bank.)

To the Editor: I like very much Harlan Cleveland's suggestion that, with private funds drying up, the pool of atomic energy be used for peaceful purposes. One of the reasons that I was glad to serve as one of the experts on SUNFED (Special U.N. Fund for Economic Development) was that I felt the point Mr. Cleveland makes about an international agency being able to get its ideas accepted more readily than a national one is completely valid. I also agree that we will need a continuing mechanism in being, however modest, at the close of our own direct-aid programs.

WAYNE CHATFIELD TAYLOR
Washington

HE HAD HIS CHOICE

To the Editor: It is probably quite true, as you say in your editorial of March 2, that Mr. Eisenhower is "in need of prayers." Whether he deserves them is another question.

General Eisenhower achieved a position unique in modern American politics. The pinnacle on which he was placed was reached only once before in our history and then also by a general. George Washington could have become the leader of our nation no matter what faction he chose to represent. One group of fatheads even asked him to become King and found a dynasty. Washington wisely repudiated this clique and, at this critical point in our history, steered the nation into its future course of democracy.

Now, what about General Eisenhower? Set on top of the military heap by one President, kept there by another (as much as by the accomplishments of himself and several million other Americans in uniform), he was pushed up to the political pinnacle by the public adulation generally accorded all successful military leaders. He

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could have been elected President no matter what party he chose to represent.

He chose to lead the country as the head man of the party of political reaction and economic arrogance. The important thing is that he had his choice. He chose to desert the people. Prayers for Mr. Eisenhower? I'll save mine for his successor.

VIC RICHARDSON,
Wenatchee, Washington.

THE DOCTORS WRITE

To the Editor: In *The Reporter* of March 2, 1954, a medical error crept into the last sentence of Marvin Barrett's review of the Aldous Huxley book *The Doors of Perception*. It appears to imply that four grams of mescalin in a glass of water is a possible trial dose for a temporary escape from the vicissitudes of existence. Even four-tenths of a gram would be half the distance to eternity for even the coolest bebopper.

Perhaps Mr. Barrett meant that Aldous Huxley was offering not escape but death. Let us hope that some day man may be able to disentangle the deadly dilemma of anhedonia and write, as did Shakespeare, "Joy, gentle friends, joy! and fresh days of love accompany your hearts."

IRVING POMPER, M.D.
Brooklyn

To the Editor: In the February 16 *Reporter* I find a poem entitled "A Matter of Health." I, a garden-variety member of the American Medical Association with no official status, hereby submit a rebuttal:

We take issue with the poet, and we haste
to let him know it
In his crackpot diagnosis in regard to
A.M.A.
He will find that hypertension is con-
trolled by simple mention
Of a practicable method that will meet
the doctors' fees.

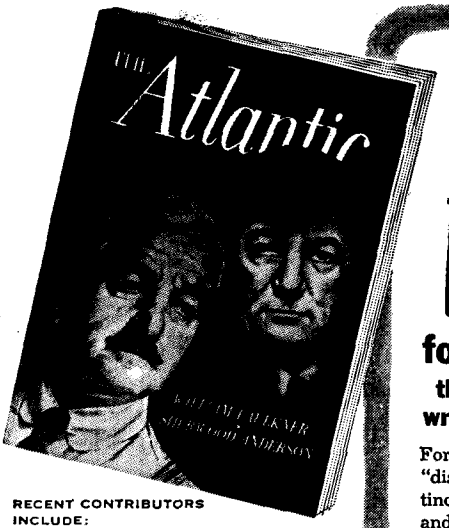
Hints of governmental agent, placed be-
tween the doc and patient
Is the highly prized solution that these
experts seem to crave,
While so-called "Health Commissions"
paint such asinine conditions
That Hippocrates or Galen would turn
over in his grave. . . .

Please be kind to A.M.A., sir; she's the
power that helps us stay, sir,
In the forefront of all medicine that's
practiced on the earth;
Were it not for A.M.A., sir, you'd be
put by quacks, and stay, sir,
Six feet under, in the rich soil of the
land that gave you birth.

C. A. SILER, M.D.
Oak Park, Illinois

SEC replies:

Any doc who thinks that "agent" is a
fitting rhyme for "patient"
Or that "A.M.A." can balance with a
line that ends in "fees"
Should be the first to know it's just as
rash to joust with poets
As for poets to attempt to cure the
A.M.A. disease.



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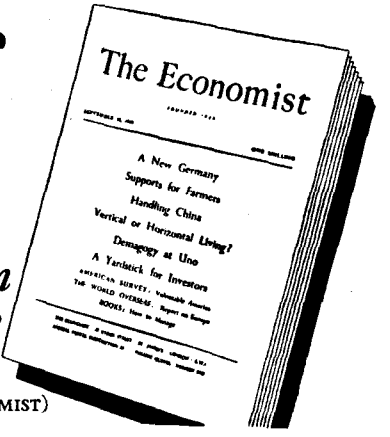

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

FOR SEVERAL YEARS our readers have been familiar with the work of **Theodore H. White,** *The Reporter's* special foreign correspondent. In his current best seller, *Fire in the Ashes,* he sums up his European experience. *The Reporter* is now happy to announce that Mr. White has come home to take up a new assignment as National Correspondent. His first American article appears in this issue.

We are not exactly economic sadists and it is without pleasure that we are forced to conclude that a recession is here. **Oscar Gass,** a successful consulting economist in Washington, has long been a Treasury economist and served during the Second World War with the War Production Board. He defines, with figures, what is happening and shows why action is overdue. **Warner Bloomberg, Jr.,** gives us a worker's-eye view of the same recession based on talks with steelworkers in East Chicago. His last contribution, "The Monstrous Machine and the Worried Workers," appeared September 1, 1953. Mr. Bloomberg teaches at the University of Chicago and is active in CIO educational activities.

THE FACT now is clear: The Communists are regaining the ground they lost in western Europe when they were thrown out of the French and Italian Governments and the Marshall Plan gave new strength to the European democrats. They are gaining not so much in numbers as in a renewed political effectiveness that is making itself felt in the parliaments of Italy and France. **Edmond Taylor,** who discusses this phase of Communist activity, also provides a first-hand report on a most unusual French priest. Mr. Taylor, former secretary of the Psychological Strategy Board and author of *Strategy of Terror* and *Richer by Asia,* has been traveling and writing in Europe.

Charles Wertenbaker, author of the much-discussed novel *The Death of Kings,* is now in Spain.

Our regular contributor **William S. Fairfield** reports on a most unusual Californian who seems to have the knack of getting himself into trouble. Mr. Fairfield spent several months on the West Coast not long ago preparing a series of articles for us.

Paul Willen, who reviews Isaac Deutscher's *Trotsky,* is a graduate of the Russian Institute at Columbia University. **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.,** professor of History at Harvard, reviews Allan Nevins's book on Henry Ford.

Our cover and the illustrations for Charles Wertenbaker's article are by the young Spanish artist **Gil Miret.**

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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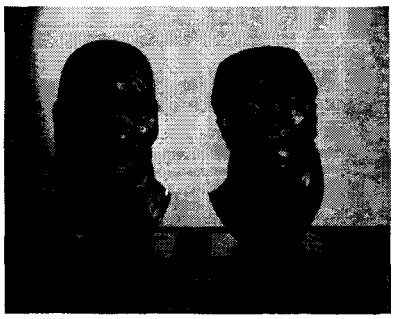

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The Unadventurous Breed

TO HAVE a recession is bad enough. But together with our rate of economic growth, the momentum America has been giving to the grand alliance is slackening off. Our position of strength is receding too, not just because we spend less money on armament but because we and our Allies do not quite know what to expect of each other. Such slogans as "rolling readjustment," a "positive, dynamic foreign policy," a "new-look strategy" may becloud the air for a while, but they cannot obliterate the facts: We are faced at one and the same time with an economic, a diplomatic, and a strategic recession.

The men who are running the Eisenhower Administration have been far more consistent in the course they have followed than they are being given credit for. They want the national economy stabilized with a minimum of government intervention, and to set the example they have most earnestly applied themselves to balancing the budget.

In the leadership of the grand alliance, the Administration's diplomacy has come to rely increasingly on setting up regional or continental defense systems by offering military assistance to Asians willing to fight Asians and to Europeans of the West ready to bear arms against those of the East. Actually, the "positive, dynamic foreign policy" has turned out to be one of limited commitment and little initiative—just enough to keep on saying "the initiative is ours." The most impressive evidence of this sort of trench diplomacy was given by Secretary Dulles in Berlin—thanks also to Molotov's inclination to stay put.

Our own military preparedness has been centered on weapons of which America, in the anti-Communist world, has a near monopoly. This makes it inevitable that the planning for the use of these weapons should be a predominantly American affair. NATO, of course, is still there—mostly to hatch that EDC egg which remains unbroken in spite of our government's fluttering anxiety.

This frugal Administration seems inspired by an overwhelming belief in other people's self-reliance—the other people being the American business system and the enterprises that keep it going, the grand alliance and its member nations, everybody and every activity that is beyond the shrinking jurisdiction of the Federal government. These Republican leaders have turned out to be a singularly modest, unadventurous breed of men, inclined to concentrate their energies on narrow objectives. In their system of priorities they insist on reducing the budget rather than on keeping the economy moving ahead, on dealing with foreign nations one by one rather than on enlarging and strengthening the network of interlocking commonwealths that American diplomacy had engineered.

It seems a basic principle of the Republican leaders that the part is far more important than the whole. Indeed, this principle has been carried so far that the unity of the G.O.P. is considered by the President and his "team" as far more important than the unity of the nation.

OUR COUNTRY has had many an economic recession and survived them all. The present recession, however, is something new, for the declining rate of American production is accompanied by declining confidence of the outside world in America and by Americans in themselves.

It would be unfair to attribute to the Republican leadership sole responsibility for this total recession—of economic growth, of diplomatic influence, of military power, of mutual trust among the American people. But certainly the Republican leaders are unable or unwilling to use whatever power they have left to stop the trend and quite a number of them thrive on it. Perhaps pettiness is one of the most disappointing of the shortcomings they have exhibited since they came into power: a narrow view of the problems of government, an inclination to rely on only one solution or cure-all for each one of their major difficulties—a balanced budget, a European Defense Community, the nonrecognition of Red China, a Strategic Air Command. They think of themselves as practical men who have an unfailing taste for the concrete. Never has there been so much cumulative evidence of what Whitehead called the "fallacy of misplaced concreteness."

THE Communists must be baffled. The slackening off of American production and power and prestige is taking place at a time when the government is being run by the kind of men to whom must go much credit for the constant growth and creativeness of the American economy. The bonds that used to keep the Atlantic coalition together are loosening just at the time when the Chief Executive is the man who twice led the armies of democratic coalitions.

But the Russians had better have no illusions that American power will long remain de-activated, or that the unity of the western nations will be disbanded, or that the U. S. Army will remain exposed to the petty meanness of the demagogues. For the American people have sense.

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The Army at Bay

THEODORE H. WHITE

It is still too early, and may remain too early for months, to weigh what the Capitulation of Capitol Hill has done to the Army.

Yet no one who has spent a day at the Pentagon recently comes away unaware that in this great marble building something has been disturbed which touches closer to the heart of American politics than any split in the Republican Party or the campaign strategy of 1954. Here one is aware of a process begun, a change set in motion at an unpredictable pace to a climax no one in Washington can foresee. For the Regular Army of the United States has been trained to live by the Rule Book, and the book has been torn up.

The Book of Rules sets the Army apart from politics as the fundamental order of its being—yet the Army now senses that it is being dragged into the thick of a political struggle. It knows it has acquired an enemy—yet no field manual has taught it how to proceed when that enemy is a Senator. And since it is certain that the enemy will return to the attack, strange new choices of action confront it. It can surrender to the enemy; or sit quietly under the attack until erosion eats away its respect in the nation, as has happened to the State Department; or it can resist, thereby plunging itself into politics in a way alien to all American tradition.

'. . . a Single Word'

Men trained in the U.S. Army shrink instinctively from all these choices. But, in the words of one officer, "defense of the Army at home should come from the citizens whom the Army is pledged to serve." Yet in this home-front defense the Army, as is its tradition, looks for duly authorized leadership. No leadership has come. And it is that which explains the feeling of hurt and bitterness toward the man who is now President of the United States in the uniformed ranks he has commanded. "If he had said a single word," said one high officer, "the Secretary would never have surrendered. There he sits with his Commander in Chief's hat and it's raining outside. And he says 'I won't wear my Commander in Chief's hat today; it'll get wet.' He's waiting for a sunny day so he can put the hat on and lead the parade. But you don't get that hat just to lead parades on sunny days."

In other officers this attitude is

tinged with a more specific sense of abandonment, particularly among those who remember General Eisenhower's little homilies at SHAPE when, grasping his jacket by the lapels, he would explain how he could not bear to drag the uniform and the Army into politics. "Now," said another officer, "it's like getting into a baseball game when I was a kid and father was the umpire—he always leaned over to give the other side the breaks."

Still others have accepted Eisenhower in his new role—as politician and no longer one of their own. He has a campaign to win, they say, and the Army is on its own. "We don't expect the politicians to knuckle under," said one, "but we'll be O.K. so long as our top men stay firm."

If MORALE in the officer corps at the Pentagon is still good in these early skirmishing days, as contrasted with the spirit of the already demoralized State Department, it is because the top men have remained firm. What leadership the Army has received in the past few weeks is ascribed by its officer corps chiefly to Matthew B. Ridgway, its Chief of Staff. Ridgway, who has accounted for more Communists on the field of battle in a single day than are claimed by Joseph McCarthy's most enthusiastic supporters after four years of invective and investigation, has kept his silence. But this supremely competent field soldier and uniquely nonpolitical servant of government has, almost alone, kept the Army stiff in its dignity without yielding to the temptation to strike back or furnishing the burnt offerings required by the Senator's ambition. The cold Ridgway aloofness to politics which aroused such mumbled and misguided criticism at politics-sensitive SHAPE has served the Army well.

To do this in the present effervescence of American opinion is extraordinarily difficult and promises to grow more so. "We're like men with our hands tied behind our backs," said one officer. "McCarthy's only choice is whether to kick us in the groin or kick us in the face." For in meeting the tactics of the Wisconsin Senator, the Army is vulnerable. In an institution of 1.5 million officers and men, which is a cross section of the United States, a predictable percentage of individuals are drawn in who must be considered "security risks." To be specific, it is estimated that the Army has several thousand such cases under scrutiny, of whom several hundred are termed "acute." Any one of

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these men, skillfully handled by the Wisconsin Senator's malevolent technicians, can net McCarthy a national headline and a hero's acclaim from the hysterical.

The Peress Case

What has happened to the Army is that its forward political defenses have crumbled. Since both the Secretary of the Army and the President have announced that the Army bungled the case of Major Irving Peress, it is impossible for the Army to contradict its civilian leadership and point out that under the existing laws of the United States it could take no other action but the one it did. In November, 1953, Captain Irving Peress, along with 680 other officers, was made a major. The act was technically not even a promotion but an "adjustment in grade" mandatory under Congress's own law governing the doctors' draft. Nor did the law permit it to act against the major (who had refused to sign a loyalty oath) other than the way in which it proceeded. The law says a reserve officer must get an honorable discharge unless a court-martial (a long proceeding) *proves* charges against him. Yet while observing and investigating Major Peress for months—*as it did*—the Army found no act during his short military career at the dentist's chair that was actionable, criminal, or subversive. And men cannot be court-martialed for actions or opinions taken or held before induction into the Army.

"We needed doctors and dentists," said one officer reviewing the case. "We drafted them. They didn't want to come. If Peress exercised his Constitutional privilege in filling out his application, we couldn't do anything except watch him and keep him out of a sensitive spot. Until Congress makes it a crime to be a Communist, *we* can't make it a crime to be a Communist, and you can't convict a man in the Army or outside for what he thinks, but only for what he does."

Said another: "What can you do with Commies? If you don't take Commies into the Army when everyone else is being drafted, all any Johnny has to do to get out of the draft is to write down 'I'm a Communist.' And you can't take them in and put them in labor camps or concentration camps because that makes the Army a penal institution that can convict men for something they can't be convicted for in civilian life. We've had Commies in the Army before. Back in the thirties when soldiers were getting twenty-one bucks a month we had cases of real Commies trying to recruit soldiers in the barracks, talking after lights-out in the squad rooms with handkerchiefs over their mouths. And we kept an eye on them and handled them our own way."

The inability of the Army to express itself stems, of course, from its adherence to the old Rule Book, which requires that it bow unquestioningly to civilian mandate. But its muteness has produced curious results. And of these the most melancholy is that perhaps a majority of the thousands of uneasy officers and men in the Pentagon unfamiliar with the technical procedures of security and personnel have been persuaded by headline and public statement that their Army was wrong in its handling of Peress.

General vs. Senator

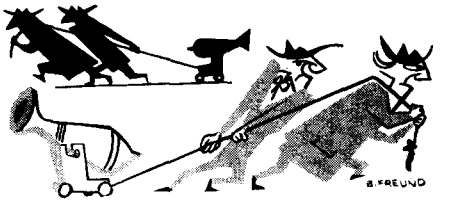
More interesting than its reaction to the Peress case has been the Army's reaction to the actual clash of General Zwicker and Senator McCarthy. For though the Army reacted to the abuse of one of its own by closing ranks in unanimous indignation (thereby wiping out, for the moment, a vocal and influential body of sympathy for the Senator in the junior ranks of the Pentagon), a thoughtful few have gone on to project from the questioning of Zwicker what may happen if the procedure is repeated often enough, as it may be.

Those who make this projection are frightened. For, under the American system, there can be no question of Congress's right to investigate or question the Army it has called into being. Yet equally, there exists no safeguard but Congressional restraint to prevent such investigations from becoming a process that bit by bit may rust the inner structure of the Army—or reorient it entirely—until one of the fundamental institutions of American life is hollowed out and filled with military politicians whose resemblance to the *juntas* of Latin America may ultimately become more fact than fancy.

Two fragments of the many-faceted Zwicker-McCarthy questioning interest thoughtful officers even more than the personal humiliation and abuse that so angered most.

The first raises an uneasy problem of internal security. Who leaked the information on Peress to McCarthy? Some officers feel that it came to McCarthy from a secret session with another Congressional committee several months ago at which the Army explained its security procedures and exposed (presumably) several lists of suspects as examples of the time, expense, and effort involved in investigation. More officers, however, are convinced that McCarthy has leaks and sources within the Pentagon itself. There are for example 2,600 civilians in the Judge Advocate General's branch alone, all dealing with personnel records. And if McCarthy or any other Senator has an internal spy system within the Army, what should be done? Can the Senator's influence and infiltration be allowed to grow until it exerts the same kind of magnetism on aspiring and unscrupulous junior officers as it did in the State Department? "We're alert to the situation," said one officer, "but the influence is so subtle, the contacts so smooth; and even if we found them, what would we do?"

Second, even more important, is the nature of the Zwicker-McCarthy colloquy and the inference to be drawn. One officer underlined the following exchange between the Senator and Zwicker after the Senator had questioned Zwicker closely as to



whether he had been reading about him in the papers:

SENATOR MCCARTHY: Will you tell me whether or not you were at all concerned about the fact that this man was getting an honorable discharge after the chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee had suggested to the Department of the

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Army that he be court-martialed? Did that give you any concern?

GENERAL ZWICKER: It may have concerned me, but it could not have changed anything that was done in carrying out this order."

Does this question mean, continued the ruminating officer, that every officer in the execution of his duties must take into account the changing newspaper headlines each day and interpret his orders to confirm with Senatorial passions? And, if so, how long can the chain of command, resting on unquestioned obedience to orders, remain firm if each general is responsible for justifying himself not before his superiors but to ninety-six Senators?

'Those Boys Handle Guns'

What is involved, in the opinion of those officers who have thought beyond the hurt of humiliation, is a threat to the fundamental integrity of the Army and the essential nature of soldier-civilian relationships in an orderly democracy. The Army, like any great organization, is full of intense rivalries and competitive personal ambitions. But these rivalries are usually tamped down by the code that has governed the Army up to now, a code it is struggling to preserve.

The code outlaws a career officer who tries to move ahead by political wirepulling. When it is broken—and the temptation increases as individuals go up and acquire more stars—the Army condemns the breaker; and more than one career has been cut off close to the top when politics was involved. If now officers must deviate from the ordained laws and regulations of the Army in order to temper their actions to outside political whimsy or passion, or if they are to be invited to vent their frustrations to receptive ears in Congress (as has happened in the State Department), then the integrity of the Army is shaken to the roots.

And not only is the Army which must defend the Republic in peril. The Republic itself is imperiled, however remote or imaginary the peril may seem today. For, as one observer pointed out, political alliance is a two-way thing: "If politics gets into the Army, then the Army will get into politics . . . and those boys handle guns."

The Recession Is Here

OSCAR GASS

FROM THE SPEAKER'S table near the microphones comes a hubbub of voices: "Only an inventory readjustment." "A rolling readjustment." "It certainly won't be worse than we had in 1948-49." "There will be an upturn by late summer."

They speak now in turn: bankers, marketing specialists, economists, and businessmen turned politicians. There are quavers in several voices. They attempt to convince by their sincerity rather than by the cogency of their reasoning. "I believe. I really *do* believe. I very sincerely believe."

The voices may well hesitate and break before rising again in forced emphasis. Their assurance is empty. What they are saying is largely either plain hunch, self-deception, or pretense.

Economic science is capable of many useful things. But it cannot foresee the timing of general business downturns substantially before they occur. It has no way of foretelling accurately the depth and duration of a recession that is allowed to "work itself out." It cannot date upturns before they happen.

Economics is in a position not very different from that of medicine. Medical science cannot usually forecast when a person is going to become ill. Yet it knows a good deal about the causes of some illnesses and even something about how to alleviate or cure them.

ABOUT August-September, 1953, total demand for employment of people, plants, and materials in the American economy stopped expanding. This is description; it should not be mistaken for explanation.

During the subsequent four months—October, 1953, through January, 1954—the administration of Mr. Humphrey at the United States Treasury achieved its dearest fiscal objective: Budgetary expenditure was reduced below the level of the same months in the previous year. This objective had been achieved previously only for the single month of July. The cumulative reduction of Federal spending for the four months was a trifle over $2 billion —which would have resulted in an annual rate of roughly $6 billion. It was the Administration's hope that resources freed by curtailing public spending would be available for use by the civilian economy. However, these resources were not used by consumers or investors. They were released into idleness. They were lost.

Even after the August-September downturn, plans for the expansion of nonfarm productive capacity continued to be carried out at about as great a rate as ever. But meanwhile it was found that the productive capacity built up between 1950 and 1953 was beyond current needs. Munitions capacity was judged excessive. Copper, zinc, and lead were superabundant. Chemicals, fertilizers, and pharmaceuticals were in easy supply. Petroleum output was limited to support the market. Foods were piling up. Steel-ingot production was down to eighty per cent of capacity in December and will average under seventy-five per cent for the first quarter of 1954. In this quarter, about thirty million tons of annual steel-ingot capacity will be idle.

The quantity of steel ingots poured in the first quarter of 1954 may well prove to be one of our best indicators of the amount of activity that will prevail in the summer of 1954 in construction, other investment, and the manufacture of consumers' durable goods. If this indicator is reliable, the outlook is bad.

Inventory Adjustments

Inventories keep the economic machine rolling without halts. For manufacturers, inventories are raw materials and work in process. For

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wholesalers, they are finished goods to be sold to retailers. For retailers, they are merchandise on hand for consumers to buy.

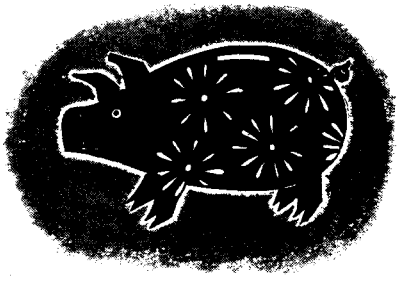
Businessmen increase their inventories deliberately when they expect prices to go up or sales to expand. They try to reduce inventories when expecting lower prices or volumes. But sometimes businessmen get caught with involuntary or unplanned inventory expansions. They have bought commodities expecting to sell, but sales have not materialized. The retailer reduces his orders from wholesalers; the wholesaler may stop ordering from manufacturers entirely. They are "working off" their inventories. Production must slow down. Factory workers are laid off. Laid-off workers buy less. Inventories then become still more excessive. Contraction of new orders and production must be carried one step further—and so on in a spiral of contraction.

The cycle of contraction is paralleled by a reverse cycle of expansion. Just as businessmen always find inventories "too long" during a contraction, they find them "too short" during an expansion. Whatever the basic causes of contraction or expansion, the consequences are mirrored in inventory movements.

As late as July, 1953, inventories were about four per cent smaller in relation to sales than they had been a year earlier. Farm income declined first, then industrial production, then retail sales. A retail decline of three per cent from the previous year was reached in December; in January sales continued low. If we measure in terms of the expansion needed to sustain full employment in a growing population, the deficiency by January was about seven per cent.

One of the most conspicuous excess inventories consisted of 640,000 new cars in the hands of dealers on February 10—the highest total on record. Detroit asserts that these car inventories will be melted by the March thaw. Such assertions are contagious but not convincing.

IT IS QUITE meaningless to "explain" the present contraction by the need to "adjust" inventories to lower sales. If output and sales had continued to expand, inventories would not have been excessive. Will not the downward adjustment of production needed to reduce inventories mean a reduction in income, which will produce an even lower sales volume? And will not inventories then again have to be reduced? And then production again? Where is the factor that makes for



stabilization in this process? And what is the factor that will reverse the cumulative cycle of contraction and convert it into an expansion? Surely this factor cannot come from the process of inventory readjustment itself.

Credit and Interest Rates

"Inventory adjustment" helps us very little. Another theory is equally barren: the idea that our present trouble is due partly to the Treasury's attempt last year to make money "hard" by raising interest rates all along the line. This undoubtedly was the Treasury's aim, but it cannot be said to have succeeded. Interest rates generally rose only by one-quarter to one-half of one per cent—not enough to prevent most businessmen from borrowing or most consumers from buying on installment or mortgage plans.

The interest-rate actions of the Treasury in early 1953 derived from general policy convictions, not from particular economic circumstances. General wholesale prices had been moving downward slowly for two years. Commodity prices that had risen against the trend—particularly those of metals and machinery—were shortly to be hit simultaneously by the curtailment of munitions schedules and by outpourings from newly completed plants.

The total money supply did not fall in 1953. As 1953 began it was about five per cent above the supply a year earlier; it rose by $7 billion during the year and closed about three per cent larger than at the beginning of the year. Consumer credit rose $3 billion, mortgage credit $10 billion—each about ten per cent. Commercial, industrial, and agricultural loans by banks also ran about ten per cent higher than in the previous year through August. Thereafter interest rates began to decline, but there is no evidence that people borrowed more money as a result.

When sales were going up, merchants and manufacturers took more credit even at higher interest rates. When sales declined, they didn't want even cheap credit. It is almost always so. Interest-rate changes do not seem to have been proved effective either as a restraint or as a stimulant to business activity on a short-term basis.

Even states and municipalities seemed little deterred by higher interest charges in 1953; they borrowed twenty-five per cent more at the higher rates of 1953 than at the lower rates of 1952. Private corporate borrowing was affected more, but even it was larger at the higher rates of 1953 than in any previous year except 1952.

Like private corporations, states and cities determine their borrowing for investment activities largely in the light of their degree of confidence in future growth. Only in the case of long-term borrowing—buying a new house or building a new factory—may a high interest rate act as a restraint. And even on long-term borrowing, a low rate won't necessarily stimulate investment in the face of a declining market.

Employment and Output

On the basis of population growth since January, 1953, the civilian labor force of the United States in January, 1954, would number some 63 million. The Department of Commerce reports about 59.8 million persons employed in January. This means more than three million unemployed.

Employment has contracted further in February. A rough guess may be hazarded that for the first quarter of 1954, unemployment will average six per cent of the labor force. The number of persons still classified as "employed" but actually temporarily out of work is also rising.

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Meanwhile, hours of work are falling.

Our total output of goods and services, or gross national product, will be roughly $25 billion per year lower in the first quarter of 1954 than it would have been had our labor force and productivity continued to grow at the old rate after mid-1953. On this basis the United States is losing output at an annual rate equal to more than half the total amount put into all foreign aid in the eight years from the end of the war through June 30, 1953.

From mid-1953 through January, 1954, total United States industrial production dropped about nine per cent. An expansion of two or three per cent was required for stable growth. By January the United States was already losing roughly eleven or twelve per cent of its total potential industrial output.

The nature of the decline in industrial production highlights the disservice to public understanding performed by those who coined the phrase "rolling readjustment." The phrase was designed to suggest a readjustment that affects particular industries, one after another, while leaving the total of industrial activity substantially unchanged. That is not what is happening. The United States is not having a rolling readjustment. It is experiencing a major decline in total employment and output.

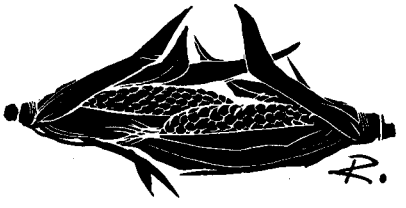
Confidence and Incentives

The Eisenhower Administration has tried to stabilize or reverse the downturn of 1953 principally by strengthening business confidence and increasing business profit incentives. All efforts to increase confidence are liable to have silly aspects. They may result in mere senseless incantation that everything is all right. They may pass over to irresponsible impeachments of treason against anybody who denies that everything is all right. Incantations and impeachments are not very helpful to the confidence of businessmen or anyone else.

Confidence is of basic importance to the successful functioning of a private-enterprise economy. If the entrepreneur is to perform his role successfully, he needs to feel secure in the social framework within which he acts. His role must be appreciated. His monetary returns must be recognized as deriving from a valuable social contribution. His possible rewards must be proportional to the uncertainties for which he accepts responsibility. Otherwise he will not assume the creative role of expansion and innovation.

But confidence is not instilled by mere repetition of the word, or of other glowing phrases. Businessmen in the United States in early 1954 were not lacking general confidence. Neither were their profit incentives inadequate for great expansion and innovation. When market circumstances were different, a lesser margin of profit after taxes brought greater pressure to increase production. It is no incentive to be told that you can keep a larger share of the profit from increased production when you know that you can't sell all of what you are currently producing.

Increased production results from increased sales and anticipation of increased sales. Increased investment results from increased production requirements or from cheaper production methods. New private investment is not undertaken when demand is declining or when it is anticipated that prices may fall and later investment costs will be lower. There is a strong case for confidence that over a period of several years our economy will keep growing and adequate profits can be made. But the same cannot be applied to



guesses about the state of business during the next year or so.

Lowering taxes on business profits, as the Administration wants to do, is an inadequate incentive to expand production in a declining market. Reducing individual income taxes—as Democratic Senators Walter George and Paul Douglas have been urging—may also fail to cause individuals to spend more once a recession gains momentum. When people become afraid of losing their jobs or suffering reduced incomes, they save the amount of their reduced taxes. That seems to have happened with the tax reduction of January 1, 1954.

Here is the danger in the tactic, which the Administration seems to have adopted so far, of postponing anti-recession action until there is unquestionable evidence that the recession is very serious. The longer action is postponed, the stronger it must be to offset the growing tendency of individuals to save their money and postpone new investment.

In the last fiscal year the Federal Treasury collected about $54 billion of income and profits taxes plus $5 billion in Social Security payments. Remission of $10 billion or $15 billion of such taxes would add to effective demand, provided the Treasury did not reduce its own expenditure and provided fear had not already greatly increased public disposition to save any increased income.

On January 4 President Eisenhower spoke of using whatever means might be necessary "to sustain prosperity." In mid-February the President said that he would take a new look at the recession problem in March. He wisely warned against unreasoning panic. Nothing is gained by hysterical assertions that the American economy is rushing toward the rocks. But the President did not make the actions of the future easier by his decision in favor of postponement. And at the end of February, Secretary Humphrey indicated that the Administration might wait until May to take its new look at the recession problem.

The group which most probably will spend any increased receipts on new production consists of the unemployed. In recognition of this fact, and of the human problems resulting from unemployment, the President, in an act of distinguished statesmanship, recommended extending unemployment compensation to several million more workers. He also recommended longer and larger benefits. But there has been no push to carry out these recommendations. Action seems stricken with paralysis.

The wrong thing was done, on January 1, about payroll deductions —the sums employer and employee pay to keep the Social Security pro-

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gram going. Last fiscal year these payments brought in $5 billion. On January 1 they were increased. They should rather have been suspended altogether. If such payments have any constructive role in our economy, that role is tolerable only if it functions up to the point where unemployment passes, say, 2.5 million. They should be suspended at this point and reimposed only when unemployment goes down again, to perhaps 1.5 million.

Even at this relatively early and moderate stage in the present contraction it is impossible to say with assurance that increasing unemployment compensation, remitting Social Security deductions, and reducing income taxes will suffice to reverse the trend of economic activity. Any such assurance wears thinner as the contraction proceeds.

At the next stage, publicly financed demand for labor, materials, and facilities may become the only practical way to reverse the down trend. This means more public financing for housing, education, hospitals, roads, and other community facilities. Community facilities involve group demand, formulated through political institutions, rather than individual demand in the market. Hence resources may be misused, but the waste of misuse is less than the waste of idleness.

The Public Debt

Almost any significant action that the Federal government can take to convert the downtrend back into steady expansion will cost the Treasury money. These actions mean a decrease in receipts, or an increase in expenditures, or an increase in the liabilities of the Treasury. They inevitably mean increasing public debt.

The Treasury has asked Congress to increase the public-debt limit by $15 billion. This is less than three months' current spending, and it is clearly not enough. A government prepared to carry the responsibilities of 1954-1955 needs a leeway of at least $30 billion. Yet it is by no means clear that Congress will let the Treasury have even the $15 billion.

For this difficulty the present Administration is itself largely responsible. It has been prepared to indulge the fetish of balancing the Federal budget and has profited politically from popular prejudices on this matter. It has not been prepared to treat the American people as adult, to say simply that the growth of total output is a basic objective of public policy, that a fair distribu-

tion of total output is also a basic concern of government, and that long-term stability in the general price level is a helpful means toward basic economic objectives, but that a balanced Federal budget is *not* an appropriate objective of any reasoned economic policy.

The Federal budget sometimes needs to have a surplus, sometimes a deficit. Which is required at a given time must be determined by reference to the real needs of the economy, not the accounting needs of the Federal budget. It is time that these elementary principles became the property also of American conservatives. It has been reported that some "liberal" members of Congress intend to join in attempting to prevent an increase in the debt limit as an act of partisan "getting even." This would indeed be a peculiar kind of liberalism. It would be the most irresponsible partisanship to seek revenge on the Secretary of the Treasury by denying him the increase in the public-debt limit which he needs—and which the American economy needs.

Assertions that everything is all right or must be all right shortly will not help the economic position of the United States in 1954. Everything is quite obviously not all right. The farm position is not all right. Unemployment is not all right. The present loss of production is not all right. Contraction is already serious. The downtrend continues, and no element of a reversal is yet in sight. The strengths of the American economy are long-term strengths which do not in themselves guarantee an early upturn.

Economic expansion requires both basic strength and able leadership. What is most disturbing about the present position of the American economy is the apparent lack of prompt and responsible leadership toward sustained expansion.

What 'Readjustment' Means To Steeltown, U.S.A.

WARNER BLOOMBERG, Jr.

Like several other communities in this great industrial area, East Chicago, Indiana, has sometimes been dubbed "Steeltown," especially that section stretching away from the vast Inland Steel works. There is a current of fear running through Steeltown today. For the first time in nearly fifteen years, with the exception of such abnormal situations as coal strikes, the crews of the blast furnaces at Inland have been put on a four-day week.

Inland Steel held out against the tide of what many still hopefully call "readjustment" longer than any other major mill in the area. Through the weekend of St. Valentine's Day the blast furnaces were pouring at 102 per cent of rated capacity and the superintendent had gone about assuring the men that there were orders enough on hand to run seven of the eight furnaces (one was down for repairs) for the rest of the year. One reason for optimism was that Inland, unlike some of the other big steel producers, has been willing to handle small orders. But when the new schedule went up, it

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provided only thirty-two hours for the coming week and another furnace was to be shut down.

The one-day unemployment of workers at factories like Inland does not show up at all in the statistics about the jobless or the arguments about how many there are—whether it is three million or three and a half. But it certainly affects the lives these workers lead and the role they play in the nation's economic activity. They were quite willing to sound off about it wherever I talked with them in Steeltown—at the Union Hall, in the taverns, on the street.

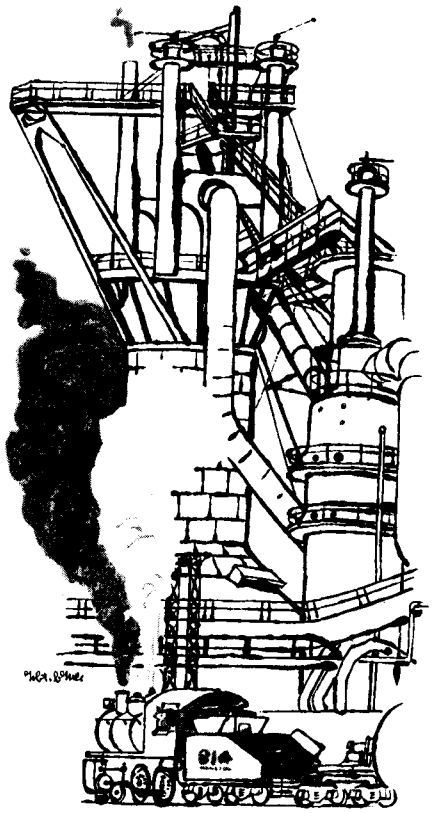
'Like a Family Should Live'

"It was a shock, all right," said a burly man named Mike from the open-hearth department, which had "caught it" even before the blast furnaces. "Oh, there was some who saw it coming. Youngstown's been slacked off since last November. But most of the guys didn't know what to think, especially them who've hired in over the past fourteen years and never knew nothing but five or six days a week."

Officers of the fifteen-thousand-member Local 1010, one of the CIO's United Steelworkers' biggest, had already been in policy discussions with the company about cutbacks and layoffs. As various departments began slacking off after the first of the year, men were shifted to four-day schedules in accordance with the contract. The contract forbids laying off any but the most recently hired, the "probationary employees," as long as four days a week can be maintained. But any further cutback will mean that the higher-seniority men, the "normal crew" in each department, will have the right to demand layoffs rather than accept any further diminishing of the work week. They know, as Walter Reuther recently declared, that the three-day week does more to spread the misery than to spread the work. Most men would be better off with unemployment compensation and local relief than with three days.

"The way I see it," said an old-timer with whom I talked at Local 1010's Joe Germano Hall, "guys like me are sacrificing to help some fellow worker by going back on four days so he won't be laid off. But it's going to hurt an awful lot of people an awful lot. The cost of living is high around here. I pay seventy-five bucks a month rent. I can't cut that." He gestured emphatically with his great hands. "It's the family that gets hurt when you lose a day! Five days is all right, but even that isn't really enough to live like a family should live."

That was the theme I heard again and again. Harry, a thin, thoughtful-looking man from a rolling department, described a "hypothetical example," although from the look on



his face I doubted if it was pure imagination. "Suppose a fellow has, say, fifty bucks a month payment on his home. Then maybe he's got thirty-two fifty on the car and another ten on a new stove. Then he's got his gas and electric and fuel bill, and food and all the other regular costs. You can see where these four-day fellows are starting to worry. They were working six, some of them even seven days when they bought that home, five and six when they got the car. Some of them have dropped from maybe a hundred a week to sixty-five in the past couple months. Some of them are asking, 'How in the hell will I make those payments?' "

He looked up a little angrily from the scrap of paper on which he had been figuring. "So you cut where you can—the new dress for the wife, the weekend movies, maybe the trip you'd been planning. You start cutting away the edges of your life."

Some Are Already Hurting

Most of the men can squeeze along fairly well for thirty, perhaps sixty days, although some of the lower-paid workers are "already hurting," as the big man called Mike put it. "The labor gang in the open hearth are mostly young guys. But they got four, five kids by the time they're thirty." And layoffs will mean immediate crises in their lives. The savings that cushioned the postwar recession are about gone.

One of the most active members of the union objected to focusing all attention on the smallest-income group. "We fought hard for years to get the good wages our people deserve," he pointed out, "and they've adjusted their standards to them. There are plenty of twenty-five- and thirty-dollar-a-day men in this mill—" he paused to take a long pull on his stein of beer "—and you can imagine what it means to their families to have the income drop two hundred or three hundred a month. They may not be starving, but it knocks the hell out of their standard of life!"

Another man nodded. "No matter what you make, high or low, it hits you damn hard. I can't see myself just what we're going to do. We'll just have to do without. You may say it only deprives a man of little pleasures, but they're important. Sure, we had steak at home now and again, but not any more. There'll be a lot more stew and soup on our table. The wife'll have to figure how to make ends meet."

Now How Do You Like Him?

In many ways it is upon "Momma" that the cutback weighs most heavily. A great many steelworkers turn the budgeting problems over to their wives, and quite a few even turn over the entire pay check, accepting an allowance for beer, cards, and other personal needs. "The woman is the big shot when it comes to budgeting," Mike admitted. "She's got to learn to do without that little extra money she's had up until now. May-

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be her and the kids used to take a ride with the old man in the evening —that's out. And entertainment has to be cut, too."

There are some important political implications behind this situation, especially since so much of the defection from the Democratic Party in labor precincts in 1952 was produced by the women. "You don't hear beans about corruption or Korea from them women any more," I was told by a shrewd, gray-haired union man who is active in politics. "They just want to know how in the hell they're going to pay last month's bills. And some of the men are sure riding them for voting for Ike." He laughed. "I know of a couple cases where a guy and his wife had a big fight after the election because she voted for Eisenhower. They finally patched it up and now the old man goes on four days and—boom!—he lands on her again for the way she voted and it starts all over!"

To the extent that they listen to their husbands, few of these millworkers' wives will accept explanations about "normal dips" in a free economy, such as former President Hoover's statement. A man who works for the transportation department at Inland and gets around through most of the mill said very few of the men feel that the cutback already in effect was necessary. There are a dozen different explanations floating around the plant. Some see political shenanigans behind it: "It's a political cutback. Now when we snap out of it, Ike will get the benefit. Everyone will say, 'See—he pulled us out!'" Others blame the traditional villain, Big Business: "The problem is, the market don't work right. And the market is run by big Republicans, Wall Street, Big Business." And there are those who think it's a manufacturers' trick to put the men in a weak position economically before contract negotiations come around again.

THE MOST PESSIMISTIC of the workers were those few who feel that slumps are inevitable in our kind of economic system. A tall, thin furnace man with long seniority recalled: "I started here in the early thirties, back when things weren't so booming. We get a third more production with the same furnaces than we did then. There's been that kind of speed-up all through the mill. Supply was bound to catch up with demand. We're in the tapering off, now. It looks like layoffs up ahead to me, with a lot out of work before it stops."

The majority of the workers are more hopeful, reasoning that the decline has, so to speak, been "made by hand" and can therefore be unmade. They anticipate that the exigencies of an election year will force whoever has control of the economy to do "the right thing." Waiting for someone to take action, they are profoundly uninterested in the arguments about how to label the situation. As the man from transportation said, "It doesn't matter what you call it. Depression, recession, intermission, readjustment—if a man doesn't have a pay check, he can't pay his bills. And he'll blame those in power. The men have tied depression up with government and politics ever since Hoover."

Is a Stove a Luxury?

Over the past decade and a half, the workers in Steeltown have had both spare time and a little money to spare after taking care of the subsistence needs of their families. Both the shorter hours and the more pleasant and easier work of the technologically improved, union-protected factory have left them energy to enrich their lives outside the mill with new preoccupations and undertakings. High pay and steady work have provided the wherewithal.

The men are specially bitter about suggestions that they have been riding the crest of a false prosperity, have been living "higher" than they ought to expect to live, and that the time has come for them to readjust to a "more normal" way of life for workers. "What the hell is 'living high'?" demanded Mike when someone mentioned that he had run across the phrase in a magazine. "If we've been living high, who hasn't? And in that case, who else ought to be coming down?" He scowled out from beneath his bushy black eyebrows.

The thoughtful-looking man named Harry picked up the argument. "It isn't any exaggerated standard of living. Any working person is entitled to a home, isn't he? He ought to be able to have a car and a decent stove for his wife to cook on. Maybe those were luxuries years ago, but they aren't luxuries now. People are getting out of those stuffy old little apartments. They're getting out into the country where there's air for their kids to breathe, where they can have a better standard of living. They've got to have a car, but most of these people buy used cars. A used car is the ticket out of the bad living conditions of this mill town, the chance to give their families a decent home."

Articulate as the men were, it was still obvious that they were trying to express something more. The once dull sameness of the millworkers' lives has been exploded by dozens of bright new interests, new experiences, new potentialities. Their lives are enriched and expanded, and they like it. It is this generally intangible quality that is now threatened more immediately than the food on their tables. As one man put it: "Times have moved along. They better not move back!"

AND SO THEY WORK their four days each week and wait and watch the schedules. Against their hopes that whoever or whatever made the slump will unmake it is their knowledge that orders have been very slow in coming in. They want to believe the company's assurances that things will pick up nicely after the first of April, but they mistrust them.

They know that over in South Bend ten thousand or more workers are out. They've heard what has happened in the smaller industrial towns of Indiana, like Lafayette, where one plant laid off more than three hundred of its seven hundred and fifty employees. Their CIO newspaper has been telling them what it's like in Peoria, Illinois, where the biggest factory in town dropped a third of its thirty thousand employees. Perhaps, they think, it really is no more than a little readjustment. Perhaps things will pick up again and everything will be all right.

But if this sort of thing goes on spreading—not at the margins of our economy but right in Steeltown, in the fiery center of the nation's industry—there will no longer be any question about what to call it.

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The Communists' New Look in France

EDMOND TAYLOR

TWO DAYS after the opening of the Berlin conference last January, Benoît Frachon, one of the top leaders of the French Communist Party and the head of France's largest labor union, paid a visit to Finance Minister Edgar Faure. With Frachon went a delegation from the Communist-controlled union, the CGT, which he heads. In the course of what he afterward described as a "very cordial and very courteous" conversation, Frachon offered Faure some helpful suggestions for strengthening the national economy—such as ending the war in Indo-China and expanding French trade with eastern Europe—and mildly urged an increase in workers' salaries. Normally, Frachon is more aggressive, but—as he carefully pointed out to the press—this was the first time since August, 1948, that a delegation of the CGT had been admitted to the office of the Finance Minister of the French Republic.

The CGT's visit to the Louvre underscored the recent emergence of the French Communists from the almost total political quarantine in which they have lived for more than five years. Smiling broadly—French Communist leaders are always smiling in public these days—Frachon drove home this point for the reporters. "Prisons and palaces—you know how it is," he remarked jovially. "A few days ago I was being hauled before an examining magistrate. Today I am received by the Finance Minister."

Frachon was referring to his arrest and detention on charges of conspiracy against the state arising out of his efforts to undermine the war effort in Indo-China. His arrest followed by only a few months the arrest of Jacques Duclos, another top Communist leader, as a result of the violent Communist demonstrations against General Matthew Ridgway in May, 1952. Taken together, these arrests represented the high-water mark of anti-Communism in western Europe.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED a lot since then. The anti-Communist front has not collapsed, but—at least in France—it is steadily being rolled back by a Communist political counteroffensive which got under way last November. Any week on almost any vacant street wall in Paris you can see little posters announcing anti-EDC rallies under Communist sponsorship. As speakers they list such unlikely combinations as "M. Jacques Duclos, Communist Deputy; M. René Capitant, ex-Deputy R.P.F. [Gaullist]; M. André Denis, Deputy, ex-M.R.P. [Christian Democrat]; M. Louis Vallon, Deputy U.R.A.S. [Gaullist]."

When Maurice Thorez, ailing leader of the Communist Party, appealed last November to all patriotic Frenchmen who were opposed to EDC, regardless of ideology, to join in a new "National Front," it was at first taken as another Communist propaganda stunt. And when a number of Center and right-wing politicians began appearing at anti-EDC rallies alongside Communist orators, the main reaction of French anti-Communists was indignation or derision.

Their chief butt was the Radical Socialist Deputy and former Premier Edouard Daladier, whose name is closely linked in the French mind with the Munich surrender and the French defeat in 1940. Daladier chose to send a warm message of greeting to the organizers of a big Communist meeting in Paris last fall, and was applauded by the same Communist hacks who in 1939 had screamed "Butcher!" and "Killer!" at him (because he had ordered the execution of some Communist saboteurs) and who after the Liberation had tried to bar him from public life as a "Munich traitor." It was generally felt that both Daladier and the Communists must be rather hard up for friends.

The impression was heightened last December when Daladier took off for Poland in a Polish government airplane to make a ten-day study of the Oder-Neisse problem "from the geographical and ethnographic points of view." Eight other oddly assorted Deputies accompanied him. There were two obscure Socialists; the Christian Democrat André Denis, who has recently been expelled from the M.R.P.; two minor Radicals; Pierre Lebon, a Gaullist Deputy with important connections in the French banking world, who appears to have organized the trip; Jacques Soustelle, a leading French intellectual and still one of General de Gaulle's trusted political advisers; and Georges Loustaunau-Lacau, a Peasant (ultraconservative) Deputy with some interesting prewar fascist connections.

Grand Left and Right

It has become increasingly apparent that while defeating EDC is the main and immediate Communist goal, the Communists are thinking in broader terms of a completely new political role. Without abandoning its underground army or its conspiratorial methods, French Communism has suddenly reappeared on the political stage as a "normal" party, representing approximately one voter out of four, with a real stake in the nation's affairs and a significant role to play in Parliament. The first clear indication of its strategy came during the Presidential elections of last December, when the Communists, instead of throwing away their votes on a candidate of their own, solidly supported the Socialist candidate, Marcel-Edmond Naegelen. This unprecedented action helped block the election of Premier Joseph Laniel, and it started a lot of politicians thinking.

A few days later the Communists

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furnished a more striking illustration of their parliamentary capabilities by assuring the election as president of the National Assembly of another Socialist, André Le Troquer. Then they applied the same tactics within several of the Assembly's most important committees and brought about the election of three anti-EDC committee chairmen—two Socialists and an independent conservative. Perhaps the most striking instance of the French Communists' political new look, however, was their attitude during the debates on the national budget. Contrary to their custom, they refrained from propaganda or sabotage and actually proposed some noncontroversial amendments which were adopted by the Assembly.

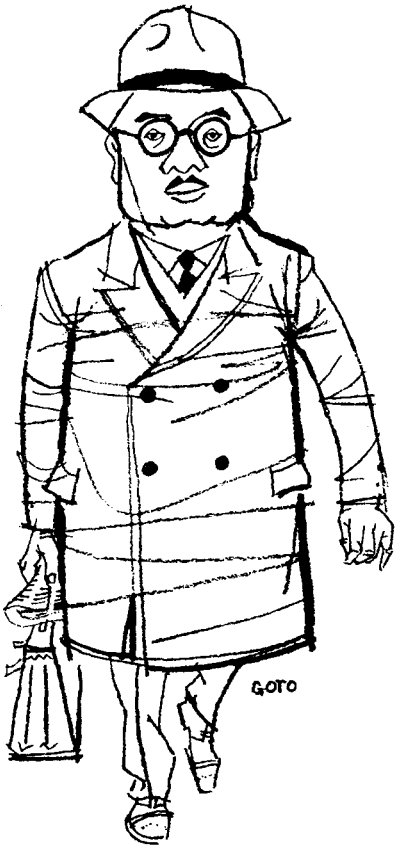
Though the Communists' unfamiliar role as a seemingly responsible Opposition has already won them some tangible results, they have not yet succeeded in polarizing all leftist sentiment in France. Many of the French Socialists are violently opposed to EDC, but only a few of them have been willing to collaborate in the Communist campaign against it. The most visible Communist gains so far have been on the Right, particularly on the extreme Right, where some of the more violent followers of General de Gaulle seem to be carrying on a political flirtation with them. This applies only to a small group, however. Most of the right-wing support for the Communist campaign against EDC comes from political elements which are not likely to furnish many permanent fellow travelers. Prominent among them are honest but short-sighted old-fashioned nationalists like de Gaulle himself, or like that crusty old conservative and impeccable patriot, former Minister Louis Marin, who with several other sturdy anti-Communists recently joined with notorious fellow travelers in signing an anti-EDC manifesto.

Some of the most intense opposition to EDC—according to one particularly well-informed French government official—is inspired by industrialists working on contracts for the French Army who fear that they will be supplanted by German suppliers if a European army is created. When the government official tried to appeal to the patriotism of these industrialists by pointing out to a group of them that the creation of a European army would entail increased production of heavy armaments in France, thus strengthening the national economy as a whole, their answer was, "We aren't interested in heavy armaments—they're nationalized." Backing up this agitation is an important section of French heavy industry which, though not directly interested in military procurement, hopes by destroying EDC to attack the Schuman Plan's Coal and Steel Authority.

In the last few months French big business has poured more than $3.5 million into the anti-EDC campaign. Pierre Lebon, the Gaullist Deputy who organized the parliamentary junket to Poland, is considered to be one of the political spokesmen of this industrial lobby.

The 'Smiling Diplomacy'

French Communism is accordingly waging a subtle, flexible, highly un-Stalinist kind of campaign which takes advantage of every tactical alliance in the struggle against EDC, but at the same time prepares the ground for achieving more ambitious long-range objectives.



Jacques Duclos

In part the Communist campaign is simply a local extension of the Kremlin's new "smiling diplomacy." Just as the staff of the Soviet Embassy in Paris last January startled the diplomatic colony here by reviving the gracious old custom of sending small New Year's presents to French officials and public personalities, so the Communist Deputies have amazed their parliamentary colleagues by an unwonted display of amiability. They shake hands profusely with any Deputies who will accept their hands, nod politely at those who will not, and seem to have a Comrade stationed by every door waiting for the chance to step back as some non-Communist Deputy approaches and say, "After you, my dear colleague." Bourgeois newspapermen, to whom all Communist officials have been unapproachable for years, get the same treatment. Jacques Duclos, the heavy-jowled Communist master dialectician and parliamentary whip, adds a touch to these courtesies by playfully tapping the paunches of his new right-wing allies whenever some telling point has been scored in debate against EDC, and is even said to have been seen strolling around the lobby of the Assembly with his arm nonchalantly thrown around the shoulders of a Gaullist Cabinet Minister.

An example of this new party line is the instructions recently issued to Communist members of the French National Union of Teachers. This union split away from the CGT in 1948 and has functioned as an independent labor organization ever since. To sabotage it the Communists founded a rival CGT teachers' union and insisted that all Communist teachers belong to both unions. Now the Communist teachers have been ordered to withdraw from the CGT union and, while continuing to work for an eventual return of the independent union to the CGT fold, to support it loyally, "avoiding all sterile factional quarrels."

A Popular Front?

The Communists are displaying the same apparently co-operative attitude in their dealings with other non-Communist labor groups, in-

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cluding the Socialist and Catholic unions, and it seems clear that their real long-term goal is not merely some short-lived "National Front" against EDC, but the quite different, almost incompatible idea of a Popular Front founded on a partnership of the Left and Left Center. Many are convinced that Thorez' great dream is to see a second French Popular Front before he dies.

For the time being the Communists are handling the Popular Front theme very cautiously to avoid frightening their allies on the Right. For the same reason they are keeping their goon squads off the streets, avoiding any appearance of rowdiness or violence in their anti-EDC rallies, and letting the non-Communist labor unions carry the ball in the struggle for less miserable living conditions. Behind the scenes, however, they are working quietly to merge the two incompatible fronts into one. They are trying hard to convince their anti-EDC but also anti-labor friends on the Right that an "independent" French foreign policy must have working-class support. They are trying even harder to convince the pro-EDC, pro-labor Socialists that the struggle for higher wages can succeed only if it is linked with the campaign against German rearmament.

At the factory and at the community level there has been a good deal of contact—and even collaboration—among Communists, Socialists, and Catholic labor groups since the great strikes of last summer. The People's Liberation Movement, a Catholic labor organization, is probably the most important of these non-Communist collaborating groups because it serves as a rallying point for a sizable minority faction of pro-Communist workers in the influential Federation of Catholic Trade Unions (CFTC). The fact that certain of these organizations include —along with Catholics—intellectuals or workers of anarchist, Trotskyite, or Titoist leanings does not seem to bother the Communists in the slightest.

THE STAFFS of the big political parties and of the non-Communist unions frown on this kind of political fraternization, but even at the parliamentary level they seem

unable to stop it entirely. When the Socialist Central Committee recently issued a stern directive forbidding all collaboration with the Communists, one of the leading anti-EDC Socialist leaders, Daniel Mayer, partially nullified its effect by writing an article in which he enunciated the doctrine that Socialists should never vote for Communists but that it was all right for them to accept Communist votes.

Ils Ne Passeront Pas!

Experienced French political observers do not believe that Mayer has any leanings toward a Popular Front with the Communists, and there is no doubt about the uncompromising anti-Communist position of the other chief Socialist foe of EDC, the tough, stern-faced former Minister of the Interior, Jules Moch, whose son was murdered by the Gestapo. To Socialists like Moch and Mayer—who can never forget the horrors of the Nazi occupation—and even to more conservative politicians like the venerable former Premier Edouard Herriot, who seems to have given some indirect encouragement to the Communist campaign against EDC, German rearmament as presently proposed under EDC is not satisfactory.

On the other hand, there may be some Socialist leaders who are seriously tempted by the Popular Front bait. The Communists in any event are obviously trying to create the impression that such leaders do exist in the Socialist Party.

IT IS STILL too early to evaluate the significance of this largely subterranean trend toward a true Popular Front. Seemingly it has not gone very far as yet, and even where the Communists have succeeded in establishing collaboration with other left-wing circles on a local basis the coalition is fragile. Yet the trend is there, and certain ambitious Center politicians who would like to ride it to power realize that it cannot be done without Communist votes. Some of Daladier's critics place him in this category.

A recent article in *Le Monde,* the leading neutralist organ, which normally tends to be somewhat conservative in domestic politics, documented this line of thought. Depicting in bright colors the attractions of a new Government based on a left-of-Center majority, *Le Monde* demonstrated with remorseless logic that no such majority could be found in the present Assembly—or in any one likely to follow it—without the Communists. Of course, the article pointed out, actually bringing the Communists back into the Government was unthinkable. On the other hand, why not a non-Communist Government supported by the Communists?

"Communist Cabinet Ministers in France would create a storm in American opinion," *Le Monde* explained, "but mere Communist support for a French Cabinet would not. To the degree that the new Government restored the French economy it would be more likely to find favor in the United States, where our present weakness and disorganization cause the greatest worry."

Obviously, *Le Monde* went on, this new political formula would work only if the Communists realized that a strong France was necessary to keep peace in Europe and therefore consistently backed the new Government's program of economic restoration. The next day the Communist *L'Humanité,* commenting on the article, declared that the Communists were fully prepared to meet this condition. Even a few months ago neither *Le Monde's* article nor *L'Humanité's* enthusiastic reaction to it would have been imaginable. Equally unimaginable was a January issue of the pro-EDC anti-

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Communist Socialist publication *La Gauche Européenne,* which appeared to treat as a serious danger the possibility of a new Popular Front Cabinet that would be based on personalities like Daladier, Naegelen, and Duclos.

Washington's Role

Various factors ranging from the war in Indo-China to McCarthyism in America have contributed to bring about this startling change in the French political climate.

"I think that certain of my political friends who are working with the Communists to defeat EDC are making a dangerous mistake," a young right-wing anti-EDC Deputy told me, "but it is the mistakes of your Government which have given the Communists their opening in France. Originally I thought EDC was a good idea because, as former Secretary of State Acheson emphasized, it fitted into the framework of a developing Atlantic Community. Since the change of Administration in the United States, however, there has been very little talk about developing the Atlantic Community. Instead there is talk about your new peripheral strategy and the retailiatory power of atomic weapons. And in reducing the planned level of your ground forces in Europe you inevitably give us the impression that you are trying to reduce your European commitments generally. At the same time, Mr. Dulles comes over here and tells us that we must commit ourselves to the drastic sacrifice of national sovereignty required by EDC—or else. It's not EDC you should be worrying about, it's the whole Atlantic alliance."

Though they put it more tactfully, French adherents of EDC, both in parliamentary and administrative circles, seem to be equally unhappy about the support they are getting from Washington. They are unanimous on the disastrous repercussions of American military policy in France. In French eyes the presence of American ground forces in Europe is necessary to counterbalance not Soviet but German military strength—if Germany is to be rearmed, U.S. ground forces cannot be replaced by any retaliatory weapons, however effective, because preserving order and upholding treaties within the western community is essentially a police mission which requires preventive weapons. Furthermore, U.S. forces in Europe cannot be progressively withdrawn as Europe's defenses against the U.S.S.R. get stronger, because that would leave France alone with Germany—a prospect the French dread.

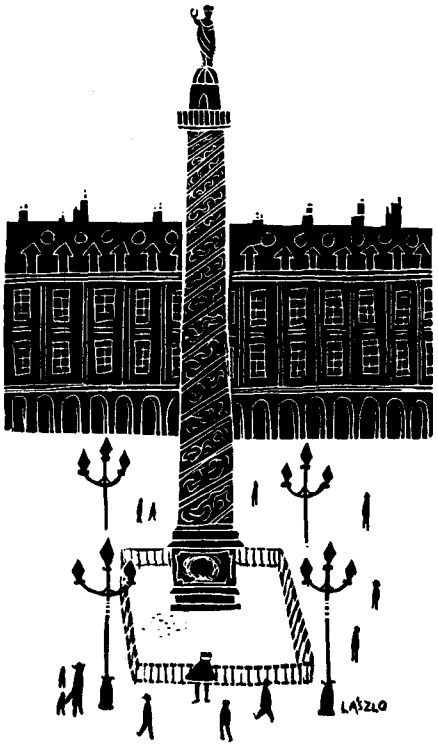
By failing to give sufficient weight to this deep-rooted French fear, we have possibly helped transform the European army from Europe's brightest hope into a time bomb which may eventually blow the Atlantic alliance to bits. At the very least we have contributed to widening a dangerous split in the French anti-Communist forces and have thus assisted the Communists to break out of the political isolation into which our earlier policies had forced them. For a great many patriotic and intelligent Frenchmen feel that the present U.S. position on EDC is basically incompatible with the national interest and safety of France.

Yearning for 'Normalcy'

Of course EDC, because of its revolutionary implications, would have created some division among French anti-Communists in any case. In the present atmosphere of "smiling diplomacy" and comparatively relaxed international tensions it creates even more. Many Frenchmen simply do not feel that it is logical to treat their one-out-of-every-four domestic Communists as the agents of a hostile power. Just as many Americans are overanxious to return to business "normalcy" and unwilling to admit that normalcy and national security may not yet be quite compatible, so many Frenchmen, even anti-Communist ones, are perhaps overanxious to return to a political normalcy which would combat Communism without using semi-wartime measures of repression.

The difficulty is that while the French have learned—more or less—how to cope with Communism as an underground conspiracy, they have forgotten, though perhaps not so completely as we have, that Communism is also an overt political force which must be opposed by political means.

The need to work out a basically new long-range and flexible anti-Communist strategy is grudgingly admitted by some political observers here, both French and American. Nobody, however, seems willing to come to grips with the problem. It is easier to hope that the French will ratify EDC after all, and that the Communists will put themselves back into the doghouse by organizing mass riots and campaigns of sabotage in retaliation. Both things could conceivably happen, but from the U.S. point of view it seems hazardous in these times to count on so much wisdom from our friends and such abysmal folly from our enemies.



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The Incredible Abbé Pierre

EDMOND TAYLOR

EARLY LAST MONTH in the middle of the bitterest cold spell France has experienced this century, an American Air Force sergeant arrived at a small Right Bank hotel in Paris called the Rochester and was startled to find it as jammed as if it were the height of the tourist season. Eventually he pushed his way to what he took for an emergency baggage counter that had been set up in a corner of the lobby and handed over his valise. An elegant young Parisienne looking more like a debutante than a hotel clerk thanked him with a sweet smile, zipped open the valise, and calmly dumped the contents on top of a pile of old clothes lying at her feet. "Hey, those are my things!" the sergeant protested. "I'm so sorry," the Parisienne replied. "I thought they were for the Abbé Pierre. You see, the management of the hotel has turned it over to the Abbé as a collection center in his campaign for the homeless, and we're all volunteer helpers here."

The story of the sergeant's misadventure is only one of the legends that have grown up in the last few weeks about the astonishing French priest, wartime resistance hero, politician, and mass hypnotist who calls himself the Abbé Pierre. The stories illustrate the very real popularity of the so-called "Insurrection of Benevolence" launched a few weeks ago by this former Capuchin monk who has practiced with notable success such nonclerical side lines as ragpicking, housebuilding, forgery, burglary, and public relations. Beginning as a dramatic gesture of Christian charity, the Abbé's campaign to succor the homeless victims of this cruel winter—which has roused even the dormant bourgeois social conscience in France—has rapidly blossomed into a large-scale spontaneous movement of social co-operation, and some shrewd observers feel that it could easily turn into a political crusade that might upset all the traditional patterns of French public life.

WITH his ragged little black beard, sunken cheeks, semi-monastic haircut, and rapt mystic's eyes, the Abbé Pierre closely resembles certain portraits of St. Francis of Assisi. In other moods, and from other aspects, he looks more like a French Gandhi than like any figure of his own Church.

Born forty-one years ago Henri-Pierre Grouès, the fifth child of a well-to-do Lyons silk merchant, the future Abbé studied at a Jesuit school and at the age of eighteen entered a Capuchin monastery, after first distributing his patrimony to the poor. His health broke under eight years of the hard monastic discipline, and Church authorities assigned him to a parish in Grenoble where it was hoped that the mountain air might benefit his health. He was still there when France collapsed in 1940, and two years later he was drawn into the underground, helping Jews and other refugees escape across the mountains into Switzerland. One of his most extraordinary exploits was to take Jacques de Gaulle, the general's brother, to Geneva to save him from the Gestapo. De Gaulle, a rather heavy man, was crippled by paralysis, and the small tubercular Abbé often had to carry him on his back.

The Abbé, however, did not confine himself to such missions of mercy. At his home in Grenoble he forged identity papers and soon became expert in this exacting specialty. It was on one of these forged documents that the identity of "the Abbé Pierre" was first created. From forgery he graduated to burglary, organizing and leading a successful nocturnal raid on an Italian armory, staged a number of successful raids and ambushes against the enemy, and launched an underground newspaper which acquired great influence in the region, journalism being apparently one of his numerous minor talents.

The Practical Mystic

I first met the Abbé for a couple of hours at a small informal dinner in a private room of a little Left Bank bistro, and was fascinated by the protean changes of his expression. One moment he would seem lost in reverie. The next he would be tossing off witticisms and shrewd observations on worldly affairs. Whenever one of our little group had a serious remark to make, the Abbé sat motionless, leaning forward slightly and staring unblinkingly at the speaker as if he were trying to memorize every word. On the rare occasions when he spoke about himself or the co-operative community for the homeless that he had established on the outskirts of Paris, a curious change came over him. Usually self-confident and rather authoritative in his manner, he would assume a self-depreciating little smile and the lowered eyes of clerical humility, while his thin voice sank to a barely audible whisper.

At first this pantomime seemed a little too theatrical to be quite sincere. I was particularly struck by the fact that the Abbé's "Franciscan" expression—the look of almost unearthly love and charity which he wears at times—flashed on especially when he was disagreeing with one of us rather than as a spontaneous reaction to something which moved him. Yet hypocrisy seems one of the last words that could be applied to him.

Probably the real secret of the Abbé Pierre's elusive personality is that he has learned to express and control his emotions not in the fashion of an actor but as a contemplative mystic does. No doubt his ability to make himself meek and loving on command helps explain his miraculous wartime escapades, for this expert guerrilla fighter and daring conspirator can seem at times the most harmless of men. It was probably less to save his life than to strengthen the invisible muscles of the spirit that he learned to focus all his powers of compassion and forgiveness upon an enemy he fought without hating. Today, in bloodless social and political combat, the Abbé

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Pierre turns his powers on Cabinet Ministers, police chiefs, and society women when he wants them to do something for his *clochards*.

ONLY RECENTLY, however, has his magic attained its full effectiveness. Immediately after the Liberation he entered Parliament as an M.R.P. (Christian Democratic) Deputy, but his political career was more spectacular than successful. Becoming disgusted with the M.R.P., the Abbé resigned and ran as an independent in the national elections of 1951. Without a machine of his own he was defeated.

Heading a band of outcasts whom he rounded up under the bridges and from the park benches, he illegally established a squatters' colony on the outskirts of Paris, and after various brushes with the public authorities was finally allowed to found a permanent co-operative community on some vacant lots he had purchased for a nominal sum. Working himself as a carpenter alongside the once hopeless derelicts whom he had reclaimed, he soon gathered around him a number of disciples and volunteer helpers. To raise money for lumber and nails, the Abbé organized teams of ragpickers and junk squads who went around Paris collecting old clothes, empty bottles, scrap metal, and anything else they could sell in order to raise funds for the community.

It was not until this January, however, that the Abbé leaped into public prominence by proclaiming his Insurrection of Benevolence. Several factors contributed to the prodigious success of the campaign. One was the bitter cold spell. Another was the fact that the French people as a whole are passionately interested in the housing problem, since there are hundreds of thousands of completely homeless persons in France—in Paris alone 100,000 couples are forced to live in hotels because they cannot find apartments—and some twenty million Frenchmen are badly housed. A third factor was the Abbé's skill at public relations, which enabled him to convince newspaper editors, radio executives, and others that he had a dramatic story to tell.

The biggest factor, however, was

The Abbé Pierre

simply his knack for finding common-sense solutions to complex problems. For example, he suggested to the Prefect of Police in Paris that police stations be opened to the homeless during the cold spell. When the Prefect objected that the real derelicts would be too frightened of the police, the Abbé urged him to proclaim the right of sanctuary for all vagabonds who used such shelter and to let him (the Abbé Pierre) spread the word around the soup kitchens and flophouses of Paris that no identity papers would be asked for. The idea of letting anyone sleep anywhere without showing his identity papers was revolutionary in France, but it made sense in the circumstances, and the Prefect agreed to the experiment.

THIS TRIUMPH of humanity over tradition and red tape probably did more than anything else to establish the Abbé Pierre as a modern miracle worker. From then on the front pages of the French press were at his disposal daily.

Though the Abbé is not a spell-binding type of orator he obtained unprecedented results. In a few days contributions totaling several hundred thousand dollars had poured into his headquarters. Every night numbers of bejeweled society women and paunchy financiers thronged to his main emergency relief station on the Place du Panthéon in one of Paris's ancient slum quarters to help distribute clothes or food parcels to the needy. Sleek American cars driven by wealthy young men or smartly dressed debutantes streaked all night through the streets of Paris, carrying flea-bitten bums in rags to one emergency shelter or another. Fierce editorial controversies broke out over whether the Abbé was a fearless revolutionary exposing the corruption of bourgeois society or a modern saint redeeming it. Best of all—from the Abbé's viewpoint—numerous groups throughout the country began to establish emergency shelter colonies modeled on his community.

Something New

As the campaign went on and the cold spell broke, the Abbé gradually shifted his emphasis from emergency relief to the theme "a roof for every Frenchman." With this change of emphasis the political implications of the extraordinary mass movement he had launched became more and more evident. In the second week of February, the Abbé asked for—and obtained—an interview with Premier Joseph Laniel. The Abbé with cool audacity demanded that Laniel designate someone on his personal staff as a liaison officer with the Abbé's own headquarters, to be available twenty-four hours a day for consultation on any problems that might arise. Laniel consented meekly.

Striding out of the Premier's office in the Hôtel Matignon, the Abbé paused a moment in the Presidential antechamber to give the press one of his characteristic public statements:

"I told the Prime Minister what he already knows—that France today is not what it was ten days ago," said the Abbé with his humble smile. "The people have discovered that soluble problems can be solved. The wave of enthusiasm that followed our appeal has had the character of an insurrection—an insurrection of benevolence." In the existing atmosphere here of frustration and self-criticism, of widespread loss of confidence in parliamentary democracy combined with equally widespread fear of revolutionary adventures, such words are a heady tonic to the French people. Already the Abbé's campaign has stirred the Government into an energetic attack on the housing problem. What effect—bad or good—it will ultimately have on the political situation is hard to tell, but at the very least the Abbé and the movement he has launched illustrate the kind of surprise that present-day France is capable of producing.

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Spain: U.S. Loans And God's Good Rain

CHARLES WERTENBAKER

MADRID

ON THE MORNING of January 25 a few thousand students of the University of Madrid, who had been given a convenient holiday, gathered in the broad Paseo de Recoletos, which had been conveniently cleared of traffic. Photographs published later in Spanish newspapers show a well-dressed, cheerful mob, prominently displaying a standard with the slogan GIBRALTAR ESPANOL. The students proceeded across the Castellana (which is seldom called by the name that most of it now bears, Avenida del Generalissimo Franco) in the direction of the British Embassy. Traffic policemen looked on benignly.

A couple of days earlier there had been a smaller demonstration in which some stones had been tossed through Embassy windows. But that crowd had been short of ammunition. This morning, conveniently, a truck loaded with bricks of a convenient size happened to pull up at the right moment. Broken glass soon began to fly, from windshields as well as windows.

SINCE THE demonstration was of the character officially described as "spontaneous," police were on hand to make a show of trying to keep order. Witnesses disagree as to exactly at what point the police became too zealous, but it is generally understood that they went so far as to charge the students on horseback and that the students then directed their brickbats at the police and that the police retaliated with clubs and that quite a few on both sides, not to mention some innocent bystanders, were badly bashed. At the height of the excitement, the students were shouting present-day Spain's most hated epithet, *"Rojos!"* Naturally, no pictures of this part of the demonstration appeared in the Spanish press. Nor was it mentioned that during the early part of the demonstration Foreign Minister Alberto Martín Artajo had waved encouragingly to the students from his office window.

According to the Government's embarrassed explanation, eighteen of those arrested came from "outside university life" and several had "political-social records." Since in the absence of a denial these may be presumed to have been members of the Falange, which organized the demonstration and of which Francisco Franco is Caudillo, it is hard to see how this absolves the Government of its double responsibility.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS were mostly content to file the facts, without underlining the cynicism of a Government that incites its young men to riot with one hand and attacks them for doing so with the other. It would seem, however, that the students were underlining this when they shouted "Reds!" at the police. Some of them may have brooded on it further as they sat in cells or lay in hospital beds instead of gathering in cafés after the day of good clean fun their leaders had promised them. But whether they will be less eager another time is an open question. This generation of students remembers no Government but Franco's, and the Generalissimo has always found people who would march whenever he said "Gibraltar!"

OLDER MEMBERS of the foreign colony here, whose memories go back at least as far as the years of cobelligerence with Hitler and Mussolini and the demonstrations over Gibraltar then, find nothing to wonder at in the revival of the old hue and cry—or in the double-dealing that the Spanish have recently been doing in Morocco. "Of course he would make trouble as soon as he felt himself strong enough," one Englishwoman remarked. (In Madrid "he" always means Franco; he is also called Paco.) And she added: "Didn't you Americans think of that when you started doing so much for him?" It also appears that the Generalissimo's men are not above trying to make discord between their benefactor and its other allies. A well-connected Spaniard said to an American businessman during the fuss over Gibraltar and Morocco, "We know you can't say so, but we realize that you are on our side in all this."

No doubt Franco hopes to pull a fish from the waters his men have been troubling, but just when he hopes to land it is not as clear as is the species he is angling for. It is not very difficult to see that he is reasserting his claim to Big Brotherhood over the Arab world, which is entered by the Strait of Gibraltar. He has reminded the other western nations of this claim several times in the past decade, although they haven't paid much attention, and he used to shout about it in the days when there were other Big Brothers in Rome and Berlin. But what is perhaps most interesting about his recently assumed attitude is that he feels himself strong enough to assume it at all. Even though the Generalissimo sometimes overestimates his strength, he usually gets away with it.

Then and Now

Last spring I went back to Spain after an absence of three years. It seemed like a different country. In the spring of 1950 the black-market peseta had fallen from forty to sixty to the dollar, pushed down by the desperate buying of dollars in the

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free market of Tangier. The government's gold reserve was almost gone, spent for wheat in three drought years when the country's yearly production was one million metric tons less than the pre-civil-war average. The countryside was bare and blowing away on the winds from the Sierras. Electricity for industry and household needs was off three or four days a week. The main road from France to Madrid was in such a state of repair that it broke an axle on my car, and on the railroad from Madrid to Lisbon a train jumped the track. Bread, olive oil, and other basic foods were rationed, and the black market in them flourished. Coffee was simply unobtainable.

The cost of living in 1950 had risen four hundred per cent since 1936, but wages had been raised only two to three hundred per cent. The workers, who of course had no right to strike, were grimly holding on. The Monarchists, who had discovered a tenderness for the poor, were saying that to get rid of Franco the United States had merely to offer a loan to a Government to be headed by Don Juan. Even some of Franco's generals were speaking out against him. At that time I wrote ["Franco—Fascism and Futility," *The Reporter,* June 20, 1950]: "It seems to have been the fate of General Franco to face a crisis about every five years, and his luck to settle his crises by doing nothing about them." I was partly right and partly wrong.

IN THE SPRING of 1953 almost all of this had changed. The peseta was stable again at about forty to the dollar. Spain had had two bumper harvests. Fields were greener than I had ever seen them, and I have been visiting Spain for over twenty years. Even in the desertlike northern part of Aragon things were growing, and where the earth was turned it had a dark, rich look. White bread was unrationed, as was everything else, and the olive oil had lost its rancid smell. River beds, long dry, were running, and young women in new bright-colored skirts showed that the cotton mills were working and that a good many people could afford to buy their output. Workmen no longer stopped Americans in the street to complain that they couldn't afford black-market cigarettes; there was no black market any more. Two years earlier the workers *had* struck.

The reasons for the change were several, and they had manifested themselves almost simultaneously. The first was the wave of "walk to work" strikes over most of northern Spain in the spring of 1951, starting in Barcelona, where the workers had simply refused to use the streetcars to get to work on time. In Catalonia many employers, and in the Basque Provinces many priests, gave aid and comfort to the workmen. In that spring of 1951 General Franco was in the depth of his crisis, and all his luck would not seem to be enough to get him through another bad year.

IT WAS THEN that the late Admiral Forrest P. Sherman embarked on his well-publicized visit to Spain to open the aid-for-bases talks—talks that went on for more than two years, giving Franco ample time to exploit the thesis that the United States couldn't afford to let Spain go down. And it was then that another and greater Friend of General Franco, to Whom he frequently appeals, sent down the steady, nourishing rains that Spain had not enjoyed in years. The wheat grew, the rivers quickened, the generators turned, the mills spun, and the workers worked five days a week.

After so much had been done for him, General Franco at last decided to do something for himself. He got rid of his old friend Juan Antonio Suances as Minister of Industry and Commerce (but leaving him as head of the Instituto Nacional de Industria, which Suances founded) and split the Ministry into its two component parts. To the more important Ministry of Commerce he appointed a banker, Manuel Arburua, and Arburua set himself the task of eliminating Spain's greatest economic evil, the black market. To do this, he had to eliminate rationing and the "Tangier gap" in the peseta—the difference between the legal rate and the rate in Tangier's free market, which set the black-market price in Spain. By the end of 1952, Arburua had accomplished his task, with the help of God's good rain and of American loans, official and private. That is the gist of the story of Spain's recovery from economic disintegration.

More Wheat, More Cotton

In 1951 Spain produced four and a quarter million metric tons of wheat, and in 1952 four million. This was not quite up to the 1931-1935 average, but it was a good deal better than the three million average of the previous five years. The figures are even more impressive when one realizes that the country has twenty per cent less land in wheat than it had before the civil war. It could be that a lot of people lost their taste for bread when they couldn't get it, but it is more likely that a lot of them still can't afford to eat much of it.

In 1952 the government eliminated its compulsory quota system of buying wheat from farmers and set a higher price, which was a wise move because 1953, in spite of its bright beginning, turned out to be a dry year. The government had to buy nearly a million tons abroad, but Arburua refused to reimpose rationing. Instead, the price of white bread went up and the cheaper bread became browner. But Spain didn't have to dip again into its meager gold reserve of around $60 million. The money to buy its wheat came

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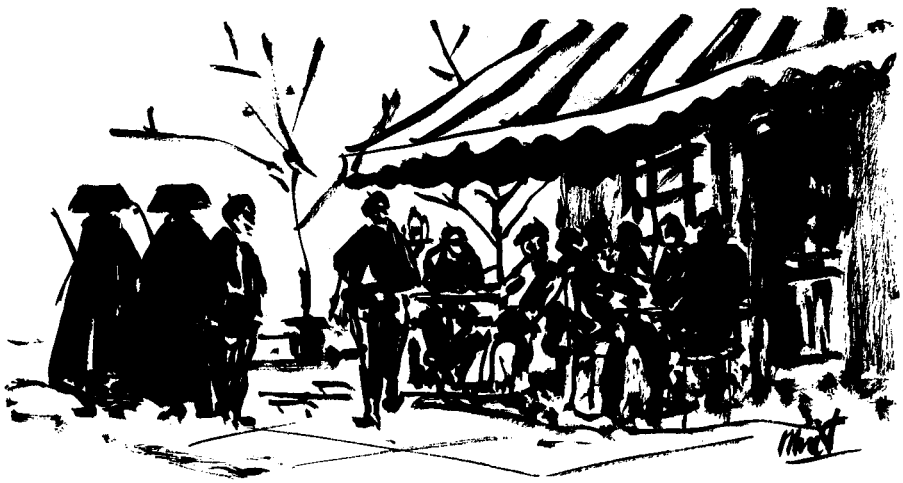

from the Export-Import Bank and from private American loans.

In the years of Suances' Ministry, the government used to give textile manufacturers permits to buy cotton *sin divisas,* which meant that the textile men had to raise their own foreign exchange. This they generally did by selling pesetas for dollars in Tangier, thus sending the peseta down. Since there was usually somebody in the Ministry willing to tip off a friend when a large batch of permits was given out, black-market operators did a good business buying cheap Tangier pesetas and selling them in Spain when the peseta recovered a bit. They probably made their final killing early in 1953, when the peseta made a spectacular recovery.

AN IMPORTANT agent of the recovery was the World Commerce Corporation, the company founded by the late Edward R. Stettinius to invest in backward countries. The company, which is now headed by Frank T. Ryan, made an arrangement with the government by which it pays for cotton in dollars and sells it to the manufacturers for pesetas. World Commerce then resells the pesetas—legally, of course—through five U.S. banks and in Madrid to legitimate users. The price has been fixed at 42.50 to the dollar, which is about three pesetas cheaper than the official rate and only a small fraction lower than the current Tangier rate. Tourists, relatives of Spaniards in other countries, foreigners doing business in Spain, and Spanish businessmen bringing their money home all help World Commerce to get its pesetas sold. Ryan's company has lent the government $25 million, some of which was used to buy wheat. The director of World Commerce in Madrid is an American citizen named Ricardo Sicre, who was born a Catalan and was on the other side during the Spanish civil war.

A Few Suggestions

There are a good many Americans in Madrid this year, doing business of one sort or another or just hoping to do business. There are the official advisers and big private operators at the Ritz and the Palace; there are what a Virginian friend of mine calls "the carpetbaggers" at the Castellana Hilton; and in the more modest hotels are civilians with Air Force accents. They have behaved with much more circumspection than a like number of Americans would have behaved in, say, Paris or Rome during the two years they dickered over the terms of the deal. The Generalissimo's men impressed on the American negotiators that the Spaniards are a proud and sensitive people—as they are—and this intelligence appears to have filtered down. "We make suggestions about how things might be done," one American official said, "but we don't try to tell them." Or as an unofficial American put it: "After all the mistakes we made in France and Italy, we're trying to put on a model operation here. And what do we get for it? Not a goddam bit of thanks, and Paco starts making trouble."

Paco in High Society

General Franco has other reasons for feeling able to strike a pose. Last spring he made a tour of Andalusia (which may be one reason why the road to the south is being improved) and attended the Feria at Seville. It was the first time he had ventured to invite himself to this most social event of the Monarchist-minded aristocracy of the south. He was received, of course, but more, he was entertained with private bullfight parties and flamenco music into the small hours. He must have felt that at last he had made the social grade, and there isn't any doubt that the Monarchist opposition is currently moribund. The Duchess of Valencia, once his most vocal, if not his most responsible, critic on the Right, is reported to have said recently that he is a saint. (My informant also reported, for what interest it may have, that the Duchess keeps a pack of baby wolves chained beside her front door, but whether to keep visitors out or in, he could not say.)

The Generalissimo must also have been pleased by the bestowal upon him of the Vatican's highest secular decoration, the Supreme Order of Christ. The Vatican apparently con-

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siders Franco a permanent adornment of the Spanish scene.

His critics on the Left, mostly to be found in the liberal wing of the Church and in the lower echelons of the Falange, must have been appeased by a fifteen per cent wage increase just put in effect in most industries. On the streets of one of the provincial capitals, Republican in the civil war, men have been seen who were political commissars in the Republican Army. It appears that the General is at last showing mercy to those who can no longer hurt him.

And it appears that if he is not yet looked on with real affection, he does enjoy a distant popularity for the better times of the last three years. When he showed himself at bullfights last summer, the applause was no longer perfunctory and no longer confined to the more expensive sections.

Perhaps the current attitude toward Franco was best expressed by a family I know, Republican in politics, middle in class, and poor in worldly goods. For years they had dreamed of migrating to America. I met the whole family in their city's plaza one Saturday night. They were laughing and bound for the movies. "Oh, we've given up any idea of leaving Spain," the wife told me. "We still work hard, all of us, but we get enough to eat and we go to the movies once a week." And to my next question: "Him? Oh, we'll put up with him. There's nothing else to do."

Same Rags, Same Beggars

All this does not mean that Spain's present prosperity is anything more than comparative—comparative to three or four years ago, not to the rest of Europe—or that it reaches all classes of people, or that it is bound to last. Spain has achieved about the degree of recovery (for Spain) that France achieved (for France) five years ago. To make another comparison, a foreign resident of long standing likens the condition of the people now to that of the early years of the Republic, when the depression in the United States was reflected here, rather than to their state of being under Primo de Rivera, from 1923 to 1930, when the United States was prosperous and so was Spain. Statistically, Spain's per capita income is $250 a year.

The businessman and the organized worker (organized, of course, by the Falange) have probably profited most from Spain's recovery; shopkeepers and independent farmers have profited somewhat; the professional classes and hired farm laborers have profited hardly at all. Among intellectuals the two-job system is still common. The Andalusian peasants still work seasonally—and when it doesn't rain—and are jobless the rest of the time. To cope with this problem, the Government would have to tackle the large landowners, whose support it needs. All through the south the poor are in the same rags they have worn and patched these many years. City streets still abound with beggars, especially in the south—perhaps a sign of liberality, since not so many years ago the police kept beggars off the streets.

In economic terms, the recovery has been most noticeable in capital goods, in replenishing inventories, and in imports. Yet Spain's industrial plant is still ten or fifteen years behind anything that could be called modern by European standards. A little new railway equipment has been imported, but the strain of greater production is wearing out the rolling stock faster than it can be replaced. The toy trains still creep across the countryside at twenty-five miles an hour. The roads have been improved, but not much. In another year or two the work now going on will produce wider and straighter roads, but they will probably not be much smoother, thanks to the Spanish custom of rough-finishing a road and then leaving it for the traffic to roll down.

The power shortage in Spain is chronic, except in very wet years. Last year in the north, electricity was cut back to sixty per cent and then to forty per cent of full flow, and Madrid is presently without electricity one day a week, not to mention the other days when it unaccountably goes off for an hour or

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two. Power is unevenly distributed; Madrid gets its electricity from far to the north, and Málaga's comes from Alicante, some three hundred miles away. The greatest need is for thermal units, to make up for the hydroelectric shortage.

The land still has that dark, rich look, nourished by the two good years of rain, but when the wind blows in the south the smell of dust is in the air, and another dry year would probably reduce the soil to what it was in 1950. Fertilizer is still in short supply, and although the decline has been checked, two-thirds of the country is still uncultivated.

Spain's unfavorable balance of trade is still about what it was in 1950—$120 million. The recovery since then has been due almost entirely to two years of good rainfall and enough American aid to get through one dry year—plus a little intelligent use of these assets.

IN A SENSE the recovery emphasizes the previous inefficiency of a Government that let things get so out of hand, and even the present comparative efficiency is no guarantee that they will not go bad again.

In a good year Spain needs a little outside financial aid; in a bad year it needs quite a lot, because in the good years the country has not been able to build up the reserves that might put it on its own feet. General Franco will doubtless be getting dollars for quite some time to come. The rain is up to God.

Vincent Hallinan: 'I'm Like a Marked Man'

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

THE AMIABLE F. Joseph ("Jiggs") Donohue is not likely to forget his trip to San Francisco in November, 1949, as special U.S. prosecutor in the perjury-conspiracy trial of Harry Bridges and two lesser officials of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. More particularly, Jiggs is not likely to forget the chief defense counsel for Bridges, a well-knit man with deep-set but lively blue eyes and a pugnacious jaw.

It wasn't only that his fiery, impatient opponent had called Donohue's assistant prosecutor, Robert McMillan, "the old banshee that sits in the back and croaks out an objection occasionally." The defense lawyer also announced his opinion of Donohue in one sentence: "I have not seen inferior merits . . . better rewarded since Caligula made a consul of his horse and Charles II knighted a beefsteak."

Although Donohue's feelings were somewhat mollified by the conviction, in April, 1950, of Bridges and his associates for perjury and conspiracy in denying that the ILWU leader had ever been a Communist, and although his feelings were further mollified by the subsequent sentencing of his defense opponent to two prison terms for contempt of court, the five-month trial was still a frustrating ordeal. An Irishman himself, Donohue could still not hope to match the verbal vitriol of his opponent, for this was an entirely different kind of Irishman.

THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY was Vincent Hallinan, the San Francisco trial lawyer who had earned a million dollars by 1940—the same Vincent Hallinan who had jumped into the world of left-wing politics in the 1948 Henry Wallace campaign, who was now enhancing his reputation in that world by his violent defense of Harry Bridges, and who was to become himself the Presidential candidate of the Progressive Party in 1952. And it was the same Vincent Hallinan who in January of this year began to serve an eighteen-month prison sentence on McNeil Island for evading $36,739 in income taxes.

To Hallinan, at fifty-three a veteran of personal-injury suits (which he took for money) and murder trials (which he took for prestige), the Bridges case (which he took out of political sympathy) was something new. But his legal tactics, for which he was to spend four months and seventeen days in a Federal prison in the middle of 1952, had changed but little. As early as 1925 Hallinan had been fined $500 for contempt of court. In 1932 and again in 1938, he had served twenty-four-hour jail terms for contempt. In 1949, the California Supreme Court suspended him from practicing law for three months after the state Bar Association had charged him with moral turpitude in signing a client's name to settlement papers without the client's permission. The two contempt convictions for his tactics in the Bridges trial were sustained after an unsuccessful appeal all the way to

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the United States Supreme Court. Finally, in the spring of 1953, the California Bar Association initiated a move to disbar Hallinan permanently, if somewhat belatedly, for his conduct in the Bridges case.

To all these legal troubles, Hallinan has responded with the charge of "persecution" and expressions of contempt for the entire American judicial system. As he left for prison two months ago, he insisted that he regarded himself a political prisoner rather than a felon. In court he has called witnesses liars and perjurers, juries tools of vested interests, opposing lawyers dunces and crooks, and he has accused more than one presiding judge of bias and prejudice. "Justice will prevail," goes one of Hallinan's favorite legal maxims, "but only when the 'pull' is equal."

In the old days, when a client came to him fearing loss of furniture or merchandise to creditors, Hallinan would take normal legal action, but not until he had removed the property in jeopardy to a warehouse for hiding—a practice in line with another favorite maxim: "When in doubt, grab the corpus."

The Making of a Candidate

The reasons for Hallinan's legal tangles are easy to understand, but the attitudes and background that got him into left-wing political activity, after he had made his fortune in law and real-estate speculation, are more complex. "Hallinan," an acquaintance has remarked, "is neither the soft-headed, party-line-following type nor the hard-headed, card-carrying type." Others, including several fairly close friends, assert that Hallinan is not even a liberal. James Martin MacInnis, one of Hallinan's law partners for twelve years, remembers taking a labor-union case once, only to have Hallinan advise: "Jim, there's just one thing about the common man. He's too goddam common. Don't work for those people until you see the color of their money." During the Bridges trial, after Hallinan had branded a Negro prosecution witness, Manning Johnson, a "black, foul hyena of hell," the West Coast pro-Communist press called him a "white chauvinist."

Perhaps, as some in the Progressive Party claim, his attitude has changed. But recently, outlining his present views, he reported with pleasure that he had once started a novel with this sentence: "John Brown was an ordinary human being: that is to say, he was stupid, cowardly, and selfish."

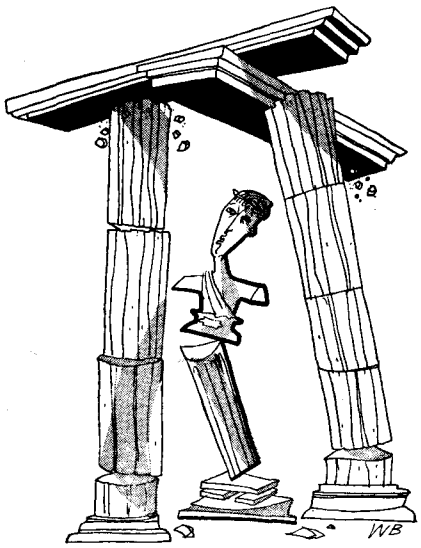
If Hallinan's liberalism is thus in question, however, there is little doubt that he was and is a militant nonconformist. At twenty-three, he had broken with the Catholic Church. He had thrown himself into fund raising, first for the Irish rebellion, then for the Indian rebellion.

In deciding to champion the Progressive Party in 1948, the scrappy millionaire lawyer seems to have been influenced by two highly divergent factors. Hallinan swallowed the Progressive Party's peace plank, without chewing on it, as the most promising way to keep his sons, the oldest of whom was approaching draft age, out of war. Then there was Harry Bridges, whom Hallinan didn't know at the time, but whom he respected, perhaps even envied, as the West Coast's most famous rebel. In 1949 Hallinan was to seek out Bridges personally to offer his legal services, and so it is not surprising that he joined Bridges in the new party in 1948.

Hallinan and his wife dumped funds into the party treasury and held rallies at their $175,000 estate. Before long Hallinan was county chairman of the party, although he remained a registered Democrat.

In 1949 the Bridges trial carried the name of Hallinan into Progressive Party circles far beyond the boundaries of California. He came into demand as a speaker. As the months passed, he defended San Francisco city employees who refused to sign the new state loyalty oath, defended the Chinese Communists against charges of aggression in Korea, accepted speaking dates with Paul Robeson, and called the Japanese peace treaty a U.S. attempt at colonization. Hallinan walked into the vacuum that had been left in the Progressive Party when Henry Wallace walked out after Korea.

On March 31, 1952, Hallinan accepted the Progressive Party nomination for President. The next day, he flew west to begin serving his prison term for contempt of court. For more than four months, his attractive wife Vivian, who was to edge out Corliss Lamont and Frederick Vanderbilt Field as the Progressive Party's leading campaign contributor, stumped the country for him. Then, on August 17, Hallinan stepped out of prison to speak for himself. He said Eisenhower and Stevenson were both controlled by American big business, and that Stevenson (whom he considers a snob) had solicited the support of Senator Pat McCarran. He said the United States was probably using germ warfare in Korea. At a press conference, he described NATO as a "provocative sword-rattling alliance." He predicted that Stevenson would win, but that he (Hallinan)



would get more votes than Wallace had received in 1948.

His actual total of 140,000 votes in states where the Progressive Party appeared on the ballot must have been disappointing compared with

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Wide World

Hallinan, Harry Bridges, and Mrs. Bridges

Wallace's 1,157,000. But as a friend has said, "If Vince had ended up in the White House it would have meant he was in the majority—and that would have broken his heart."

As the Twig Is Bent

Hallinan seems to have come by rebellion honestly. His father, Patrick Hallinan, who was born in County Limerick, Ireland, was a second cousin of Eamon de Valera, the first President of the Irish Republic and now Prime Minister of Eire for the second time. The senior Hallinan had busied himself in the Irish independence movement, and as a member of the outlawed Irish Republic Brotherhood he was eventually forced to flee to America. In San Francisco he became a cable-car brakeman, at a wage hardly sufficient to provide the necessities of life for a wife, two sons, and six daughters.

Young Vincent was a bright student, and after parochial high school he was able to win a scholarship to St. Ignatius College, now the University of San Francisco. He entered its law school at the end of his freshman year, completed the law course in his sophomore year, and had enough spare time to become a brilliant orator, an outstanding athlete, and in his own words, "damned near a priest." He came to sneer, however, at his Jesuit philosophy instructor who, according to Hallinan, answered all his questions with the words, "It says so in the Bible." After a bitter personal struggle Hallinan broke completely with the Church. "Catholicism kept me virtuous until I was twenty-three," Hallinan said recently, "and that, in turn, has kept me mad ever since."

Some friends of Vincent Hallinan believe that his break with the Church set the pattern for most of his future behavior, that his rejection of its discipline, to which he held so tightly for so long, was what has led him to lash out at all disciplines ever since. (His writings have been limited to a book attacking the judicial system, bought by Doubleday but never published, and a pamphlet proving that the story the Jews killed Christ "is just a damned slander.")

The mere mention of Catholicism still causes a visible rise in Hallinan's blood pressure. He is an avid fan of Paul Blanshard, and claims he can prove everything Blanshard says in his own library. He also claims that practically every major hero of the Irish independence movement was a non-Catholic. As for his relative de Valera, Hallinan admits they were on quite friendly terms in the days of Hallinan's fund-raising efforts. "But when de Valera came to the West Coast a couple years back," he adds, "he was surrounded by those guys in black robes and was pretty cool to me. The trouble with Eamon today is that he's trying to keep one foot on the barricades and the other in the confessional."

HALLINAN firmly believes that his anti-Catholicism is responsible for some of the private and public attacks leveled at him. In San Francisco Catholic circles, for example, a story has long circulated that the left side of Hallinan's face was paralyzed by a stroke the day he quit the Church. "That's nonsense," Hallinan points out. "I left the Church at twenty-three, and lost use of these facial muscles when I was kicked in the head playing Rugby at thirty-eight. It's the laymen who make up this stuff, not the Jesuits. The Jesuits are still pretty friendly with me. They play for the long pull."

It is difficult to believe that lay Catholic opposition stunted Hallinan's legal career, as he has sometimes claimed. He was an almost immediate success at the bar, and his success has continued over the years. Many of his early cases in the 1920's involved personal-injury suits, in which Hallinan often financed poor clients while he battled insurance companies in the courts for damages, taking then a thirty to fifty per cent cut of the final settlement as his legal fee. A rival lawyer once called Hallinan an "ambulance chaser," noting the large number of personal-injury suits filed by him in a particular period. With a smile Hallinan replied: "I just save up those cases and file them all at once to make you ethical bastards squeal."

Scholar and Orator

When personal-injury suits became routine and dull for Hallinan, he branched out into fraud, narcotics, and a few murder cases. Although Hallinan quit trial law for politics nearly five years ago, mention of some of his famous cases still brings on an exhilaration in him that some men get from alcohol, something Hallinan never uses.

"My greatest forte," says Hallinan, "is scientific stuff. In one case, they called a brain specialist against me. I studied medical textbooks all night long. When he got on the stand, I completely crossed him up on the anatomy of the brain. In another case, I was trying to collect damages for the family of a Shell Oil Company employee who had been killed when a gasoline truck exploded. Shell claimed it was the employee's fault for smoking, and

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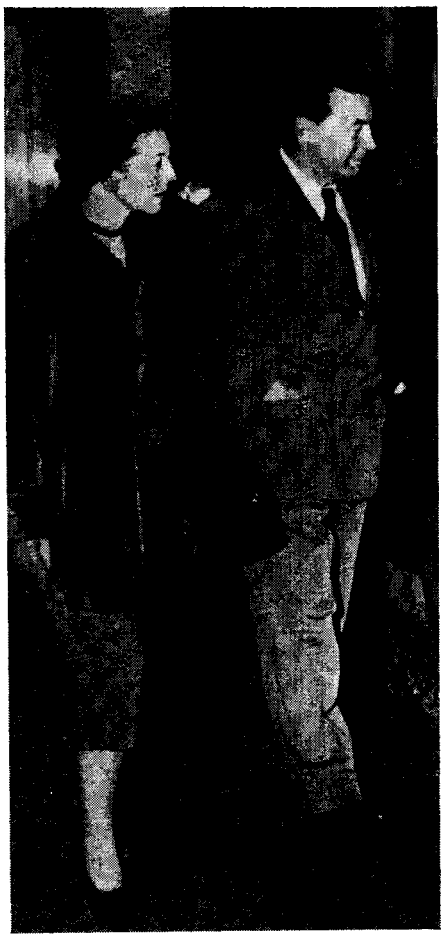
called in a University of California chemistry professor to testify on how a lighted cigarette could set off such an explosion. I studied everything I could find on gasoline, and by the time the professor got to the stand, I was an expert on the subject. I asked him if a man smoking ten feet from an open gas tank could cause an explosion through igniting the fumes, and he said, 'Oh, yes, it's happened many times.' So I pulled out a gallon jug of gas, poured some into a saucer, lit a cigarette, and started puffing it just an inch above the saucer. Nothing happened. I flicked the ashes into the gas, and again nothing happened. Finally, I just put the cigarette out by dumping it into the gas. The professor said, 'That can't be gasoline,' so I lighted a match and tossed it into the saucer. The thing burst into flame and flaming gas spilled all over the floor. We had a hell of a time stamping it out, but the jury was convinced and Shell had to pay up plenty."

Although Hallinan prospered by these free-swinging courtroom tactics, some of the young lawyers who joined him in practice did not share his prosperity. One committed suicide; another was disbarred. His two partners in the law firm of Hallinan, MacInnis & Zamloch, which was disbanded in 1950, both ended up serving time in prison. James Martin MacInnis spent three months in a Federal penitentiary for contempt of court in the Bridges case, the judge imposing a lighter sentence than Hallinan's because he felt MacInnis was under his partner's influence. Archer Zamloch was indicted in 1950 for obstructing justice after he had conspired with two narcotics peddlers to pay a female client of his $3,600 if she would keep their names out of her own trial for possession of heroin. Zamloch was convicted and sentenced to three years in Federal prison.

"Poor Archer," Hallinan has remarked. "It wasn't really his fault. It's just that I've bucked the judicial system and Federal government prosecutors for so long that they're out to get me. And while they're at it, they get everybody around me. I'm like a marked man in the underworld. I'm walking down the street with a perfectly innocent friend, but when the black sedan goes by and the machine gun starts spouting, he gets it too."

Family Life

While Hallinan was sharpening his mind on the legal whetstone, he was applying the same acumen to his private finances. He anticipated the 1929 stock-market crash, and sold out his interests in 1928 for $85,000. Then, when the depression came, he used this money, plus the fees he had been getting from personal-injury cases, to buy apartment building with low down payments at rock-bottom prices.



The Hallinans

In 1932 he married the attractive Vivian Moore, thirteen years his junior, and discovered that she too had a fine business mind. Together they built a real-estate empire that now includes six San Francisco apartment houses, one of which is the fashionable Clay-Jones on Nob Hill. Hallinan was able to support his parents until their death. He bought a home for them, and homes for his brother and two of his sisters. He put his youngest sister through Stanford medical school. Even so, Hallinan had plenty left for his own growing household and his new-found "causes." A few weeks after he and his wife were indicted for income-tax evasion, a year ago, Hallinan estimated his net worth at $3 million. Others have set the figure as high as $5 million.

LIKE HIS PUBLIC LIFE, Vincent Hallinan's private life has been violent and somewhat lopsided. Always a believer in "the strong body to go with the strong mind," Hallinan followed up his college athletic career by playing center for a local semi-professional football team, without helmet or shoulder pads, and playing every minute of every game for five years—a feat later recorded in the late Robert Ripley's "Believe It or Not" feature. With less publicity, Hallinan also boxed regularly for the local Olympic Club, and continued to play Rugby until his head injury in 1934.

Hallinan's marriage in 1932 was solemnized on a quick trip to Reno while a twenty-four-hour contempt-of-court sentence was hanging over his head. After the marriage, he returned to San Francisco to serve out his term. The resolute Mrs. Hallinan claims to have decided upon exactly six sons and no daughters long before her marriage. Today, there are exactly six Hallinan offspring, all boys, ranging in age from nineteen to five and in name from Butch down through Kayo, Tuffy, Dynamite, and Flash to Danny.

As the brood grew, Hallinan discarded his tomes on philosophy, gasoline, and the anatomy of the brain for equally exhaustive works on child care, swimming, horseback riding, and skiing. He was determined that his sons be physically fit. When Butch was only two months old, Hallinan began administering a crib course in muscle building. At eighteen months, as Mrs. Hallinan was later to report with pride, "The muscles in Butch's back were quite pronounced and he was as agile as a three-year-old."

Some of the boys were on horseback at the age of two, and most had begun to swim at three. When the Hallinans moved to their present twenty-room estate in Ross, north of San Francisco, Hallinan ordered the

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construction of a regulation A.A.U. swimming pool and a gymnasium, the latter equipped with a full-scale boxing ring. (These items were listed a business deductions for income-tax purposes.) Hallinan himself taught his sons all he knew about boxing, and when his own knowledge was exhausted, he called in a former professional fighter. "I figured if the kids were going to hold unorthodox views," Hallinan says, "they'd better be able to defend themselves."

HALLINAN himself has given perhaps the best description of the results of his child-training program in a story about Butch that he tells with obvious pleasure. "Butch happened to be dancing with this girl from a nice Ross family at a high school affair and took it upon himself to criticize her current boy friend. 'Why do you go around with that *indelicacy?*' he said. 'You know he's just an *obscenity-head.*' So the girl left and told her boy friend and there was a fight. Butch knocked the guy flat, but he broke a bone in his hand. They put a plaster cast on the hand and Butch looked at it and said, 'Boy, you could sure clip a guy with this thing.'

"I knew he was going to try it right then," Hallinan continued happily. "And he did. Broke the hand again, but what the hell!"

"All Irishmen," he says, "are either religious fanatics, drunkards, or insane." Having given up Catholicism and being a complete teetotaler, Hallinan frankly places himself in the last category. "Me, I'm crazy," he says. "I'll probably end up committing suicide."

But even those who think the world would be a better place without Hallinan are unable to persuade themselves that he will not go on as he has in the past for some time to come, never more cheerful than when he is in the unpopular minority, fighting against long odds.

Shortly after Hallinan's indictment for income-tax evasion last spring, a friend came over to console him. "It's not so bad," Hallinan answered, consoling in return. "The people in Ross are talking to me now. I guess they figure I'm finally committing the right kind of crimes."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

CHANNELS:
Old Before Their Time

MARYA MANNES

I DO NOT know why the word "Youth" acts as a depressant when used in the title of a TV program. Youth should be elating, and should play an important part in this medium that is so close to it. Certainly the highest motives are behind the three weekend programs called "Youth Wants to Know," "Youth Takes a Stand," and the "New York Times Youth Forum." But I do know that I seldom feel impelled to turn them on, and that when I do, I move, after hearing pale and earnest echoes of the most correct adult sentiments, to another channel. Youth is not interesting on TV because the medium has not yet acquired enough elasticity to capture its real essence. The natural child is the unexpected and censorable one, and if there were some way to listen in on the young as they are with each other, you would have a truly fascinating program. But when they are first screened for I.Q., presentability, and "leadership," then constricted by such subjects as "How Can We Best Further Brotherhood?," and then led by adroit and knowledgeable adults who see to it that they neither stray from the subject nor express unworthy opinions, you have a mighty dull half hour.

If you don't, it is because the questions asked of the guest Senator or Cabinet member are adult and provocative questions. This is usually the case with NBC's "Youth Wants to Know" on Sundays at one o'clock (and, I am told, on Junior Press Conference, which emanates from Philadelphia's Station WFIL at nine on Monday evenings). My only criticism is that guests are not obliged to answer the questions as directly and honestly as they are put. On a recent Sunday the young had Senator Charles E. Potter of Michigan dancing on the very hot griddle of reconciling his beliefs as a responsible Republican supporter of the Administration with his service on Senator McCarthy's committee, and never have I seen fancier footwork. But the fact remained that he simply did not answer two-thirds of the questions asked. Youth Wants to Know, but it is Not Going to Be Told, and that has come to be one meaning of politics.

THE FORMAT of CBS's "Youth Takes a Stand" (Sundays at three) is good in that the young people face each other informally across a table instead of spread out in a panel or bunched in an audience, and that its moderator, Allan Jackson, lets them talk with a minimum of direction. Four Congressional page boys on one of the recent programs were spirited and articulate, talking simultaneously and expostulating as boys do when their conversation gets warm. I made a mental note at the time that these boys were more interesting than the average teen-age TV participant, possibly because they worked at arduous and exacting jobs, because they were literally "in service," and because they were away from their families. They had a sturdiness and coherence that were in marked and pleasing contrast to some of our soft, duck-tailed adolescents.

I am afraid that the "New York Times Youth Forum" (Saturdays at 5:30 on WABD, New York), founded and moderated by the distinguished and charming Dorothy Gordon, is the least stimulating program because of its pompous subjects—"How Can We Best Fight. . . ," "What Can We Do To . . ."—and its classroom atmos-

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phere. When the discussion concerns prejudice, let us say, and Miss Gordon turns to one of her panel and asks, "Roger, suppose you tell us just what prejudice is," and Roger answers in stock terms like "racial and religious discrimination" and "when you don't like somebody because of their race or creed," it hardly makes for electrifying fare. If there is to be any discussion, it should be full discussion, with no holds barred, and if Susan is asked (as one girl was the other Sunday) whether she has any prejudices, she should be allowed to state them and her reasons for them instead of answering "Yes" period, and being deftly silenced by another question to another panelist. The greatest thing youth has to offer is honesty, whether it hurts or not, and when that cannot be displayed, let us stick to devious, careful, and usually more expressive adults. At least we adults can make our evasions sound like truth.

Tiny, Tinny Talent

Programs like the Paul Whiteman "TV Teen Club" (ABC, Sundays at 7:30 P.M.) are chiefly concerned with giving young talent a break. The talent, whether for singing, dancing, or playing an instrument, is slickly professional—so much so that the youth of the performers is a subordinate factor. Instead of the beguiling freshness of the partially formed, instead of the absorption, diffidence, or painful courage of young people facing their first big ordeal of exposure, you watch younger Johnny Rays or Dinah Shores doing their stuff with the assurance born of a constant audience since the age of five. They have already "arrived," and the viewer is denied the sense of discovery that the presentation of really untried talent might provide. What you see is a sort of double vision: kids behaving as they have seen people behave, not kids inspired by their own private dreams of glory.

One teen-age show, "Junior Frolics," which takes place daily on WATV, New York, at five, has the core of something good in that it permits you to look at a group of adolescents dancing as they would at any party. Here they are in all their phases, male and female: the gangling, the cocky, the shy, the clownish, the embarrassed. Here you see the full (and appalling) range of teen-age masculine attire, and the ways in which young girls hope to attract its wearers. On the whole they seem undisturbed by the camera as they wheel and shuffle past it, and the air of solemnity that divorces their faces from their frivolous feet diverts me greatly.

WHAT DOES NOT divert me—what, in fact, revolts me—is the use of the very young on television, notably as on "Juvenile Jury" (CBS, Sundays at four). With "Out of the mouths of babes" as the show's premise, five tots ranging from about four to eleven are seated behind "judges'" benches on two levels while their controller, Jack Barry, tosses them "problems" as expressed by a guest tot who steps out onto a balustraded platform and pipes its troubles. Both jury and plaintiff have obviously watched TV since birth. All are dressed by doting mothers in painfully inappropriate clothes: the tiny boys in midget suits and bow ties, the little girls in a profusion of ruffles.

The guest tot—a female, let us say, with all the mannerisms usually associated with solicitation (wriggle, arch wink, sashay)—tells her problem: "My Mommy won't let me wear make-up." Barry says, "Well, kids, what do you think—should she?" Then the jury tots go into their act, which is for each one to consume as much time and camera attention as possible. One little horror, who looks subnormal and keeps telling the audience that she's married, accomplishes this by repeatedly using the word "Well . . ." followed by gibberish as she writhes, mugs, and dimples into the lens. A great many people seem to find this adorable and funny. I think it is exploitation in the worst sense, for although both children and parents are obviously delighted to provide this merriment and help sell Geritol, I can imagine no worse damage to a child's sense of values than this public sanction of its most childish behavior and this monstrous inflation of an already bloated ego.

Heaven help the people they marry some day.

Leon Trotsky, Permanent Revolutionist

PAUL WILLEN

THE PROPHET ARMED: TROTSKY 1879-1921, by Isaac Deutscher. *Oxford University Press. $6.*

THE STORY of the Bolshevik movement's rise to power has become part of the folklore of the twentieth century. It begins with an obscure sect of exiled Marxists meeting in a dingy London church in 1903 and has reached a point, half a century later, where their heirs rule an empire that embraces half the world. It is a story which, in a specially prepared Stalinist version, every schoolboy in half the world must learn by heart, and one with which, in other versions, we in the West become increasingly familiar with each passing year.

One of the central figures in the non-Stalinist version of this epic is Leon Trotsky, and it is his part in the drama that Mr. Deutscher is putting together in two substantial volumes, the first of which, *The Prophet Armed,* has just been published. In the Soviet world the story of the Revolution is told with Trotsky completely expunged, and the rest of the world remembers Trotsky chiefly as an old man whose head was cracked open with an ax by one of Stalin's henchmen in Mexico back in 1940. As Deutscher points out in his introduction, the work of the Stalinist "tomb-robbers has . . . been so persistent that it has strongly affected the views even of . . . Western historians and scholars." With the exception of a portion of Bertram Wolfe's *Three Who Made a Revolution* (to which Deutscher, oddly, makes no

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reference), no other contemporary biographies of Trotsky exist.

Although Deutscher's biography suffers from a certain adulation of Trotsky and a somewhat uncritical appraisal of the Bolshevik movement as a whole, it is a book written with great care, excellent scholarship, and unusual understanding. Its subject is treated with a political sophistication largely absent from most of the recent studies of Bolshevism. No doubt many people will criticize Deutscher (with some justice) for whitewashing this or that Bolshevik infamy, but few record modern history with such knowledge and insight.

THIS FIRST VOLUME takes the reader from Trotsky's boyhood on the Ukrainian steppes to the end of the civil war, when his prestige and authority were at their height, just before their precipitous decline in the 1920's. It follows Trotsky through his early intellectual apprenticeship, the discovery of his extraordinary talents, his flirtation with the peasant-oriented Narodniki, and his acceptance of Marxism in the late 1890's. It explores his complex relations with the warring factions of the young Social Democratic Party and his leadership of the St. Petersburg soviet in the 1905 Revolution. It takes up the development of his theory of the permanent revolution in which he accurately forecast the nature of the events of 1917. It describes the long exile of 1907-1917, when Trotsky edited exile newspapers in Vienna and Paris and served as a war correspondent in the Balkans.

The book considers in detail Trotsky's 1917 merger with the Bolsheviks when the pressure of events forced Trotsky to accept Lenin's organizational achievement and Lenin to accept Trotsky's political line. Finally, it analyzes the tremendous role Trotsky played in the October insurrection, the Peace of Brest-Litovsk, and the organization and leadership of the Red Army in the civil war. The book closes with the Bolshevik Party in the crisis caused by the breakdown of the economy at the end of the civil war, the Kronstadt rebellion, and the eventual decision to inaugurate the New Economic Policy.

The embryonic lines of the new social order become increasingly clear; and the stage is being readied for Trotsky's return to the revolutionary opposition, not against the traditional enemy, the Czarist Empire, but against the emerging Stalinist bureaucracy. This struggle, which is to occupy the rest of his life and finally consume it in 1940, will be described in Deutscher's second volume, *The Prophet Unarmed*.

TROTSKY IS unquestionably one of the twentieth century's most important political figures. His significance lies not only in what he achieved—which was considerable—but in the extent to which so much of the twentieth century's achievement and failure, its promise and tragedy, is symbolized in his person.

In an age of many revolutionary quests, Trotsky, even more than Lenin or Stalin, was the revolutionary par excellence, a picture of Trotsky which emerges vividly from Deutscher's narrative. Whereas Lenin devoted a major portion of his life to the careful construction of a revolutionary organization and Stalin gave his life to the advancement of a bureaucratic-industrial machine, Trotsky played an effective historical role *only* in those brief periods when Russia was in actual revolutionary ferment, first in 1905 and then in 1917-1921. And in these years he excelled both Lenin and Stalin. "Trotsky's mental and moral constitution was such," writes Deutscher, "that he received the strongest impulses from, and best mobilized his resources amid, the strains and stresses of actual upheaval."

Trotsky's emotional make-up was so geared to upheaval that between revolutions he almost completely renounced serious organized struggle. He always treated the Social Democratic movement as an arena for his ideas rather than a direct historical force. He joined forces with Lenin in 1917, but when the heat of revolutionary passions gave way in the 1920's to bureaucratic complacency, he retreated again from organizational struggle and appealed for renewal of the titanic energies of revolution.

Words and Regiments

As Deutscher so excellently phrases it, "On a gigantic stage, which dwarfed others, he rose to the giant's stature. . . . He was equal to herculean, not to lesser, labours." The period of active revolution, when "words, great idealistic words," were sometimes "more effective than regiments and divisions," was his element. It is little wonder that he, and not anyone else, devised the theory of the "permanent revolution," for anything less than a "permanent revolution" would have severed his emotional ties with modern history. "More than anybody," Deutscher writes, "Trotsky had appealed to the dreamer and the hero in the working man and spread before [him] the grand vision of socialism."

But since it is only in the periods of the most intense revolutionary agitation that large bodies of men listen to such appeals, the only permanent following that Trotsky ever had was composed of men for whom the "grand vision" had a permanent meaning, men who pledged allegiance to the ideas for which he stood rather than to his personality or the organization he built. He was evidently incapable of eliciting personal loyalty on any grounds but those related to the "grand vision";

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adulation on any other grounds he scorned, and intimacy on any other basis meant nothing to him.

He stood essentially alone, with his staff of "brilliant generals," waiting for the historical moment when the events his intellect had forecast would give him an army and thrust him and his following into the historical limelight. Only in the revolutionary turmoil was he conscious of organizational questions. "If you think," he pleaded with Lenin and the Menshevik L. Martov, "that a schism is unavoidable, wait at least until events, and not merely resolutions, separate you. Do not run ahead of events." Trotsky's keen eye for "events," "trends," "movements" dominated his consciousness and, in a sense, freed him of any direct responsibility for organized action when objective conditions were not altogether propitious.

FEW MEN of Trotsky's temperament are afforded so excellent an arena for its expression as the Russian Revolution provided. To bring this out in sharpest relief, Deutscher contrasts Trotsky's role in the October insurrection with Lenin's. While Lenin was in hiding in Finland, preparing party cadres for the ensuing events, Trotsky "thundered at mass meetings" in Petrograd and plotted the actual course of the uprising. Lenin was impatient lest the opportunity be missed; Trotsky delayed the uprising until the proper moment when all the divergent forces of the insurrection had coalesced for the final thrust. "The revolution," Deutscher writes, "worked mainly through its titanic power of persuasion, and it seemed to have vested the greater part of that power in a single person."

Frequently it is suggested that Trotsky's reluctance to enter into an organizational and intrabureaucratic struggle with Stalin in the 1920's was due to his intellectuality or hypersensitivity. But Deutscher's description of Trotsky's organization and leadership of the Red Army during the civil war makes it clear that he was capable of brilliant organizational work and the most devastating cruelty. The civil war, however, was an extension of the revolutionary struggle, whereas the contest for party control in the 1920's was a naked struggle for personal power, a type of struggle Trotsky consistently avoided.

Trotsky's ego, wrote one of his early biographers, "dominated his whole behavior, but the revolution dominated his ego." By identifying himself completely with the Revolution he was able to see its tremendous sweep as an echo of his own personality; and in this lay his much-discussed vanity. Those who could not share his vision were therefore repelled by the enormous egotism with which he expressed himself, his incredible self-confidence, his romantic identification with history. Speaking of the Social Revolutionary leader Chernov, who had accepted a post in the Provisional

Government some months before the October Revolution, Trotsky exclaimed: "What contemptible ambitiousness!—to abandon his historic position for a portfolio."

Lenin, too, believed himself an agent of deep-seated historical forces, but with considerably more modesty and less flamboyance. In *To the Finland Station* Edmund Wilson entitled one chapter "Trotsky Identifies History with Himself," and another "Lenin Identifies Himself with History." Where Trotsky conceived the writing of a highly personal autobiography as a revolutionary obligation, Lenin restricted his personal life so as not to let it interfere with the larger tasks.

Hence we find Lenin expressing a contradiction between the tenderness he felt when listening to Beethoven's *Appassionata* and the harshness required of him as a revolutionary leader. Hence too his famous expression of "regret" that his old friend, the Menshevik Martov, could not share the Bolshevik triumph. The frequent trips Lenin took with his wife to the mountains for respite when he was on the verge of nervous breakdown are additional testimony to the tensions between his innermost self and the demands of his political life.

Trotsky, on the other hand, showed every sign of not having been subject to such ambivalences, and evidently felt free at all times to indulge his entire personality in his political work. Consequently, there were few expressions of "regret" or tenderness and many of defiance and glory. He enjoyed this freedom because he lived so completely in terms of the great and inexorable social cataclysm that for an instant would liberate the entire emotional life of man, break all bonds, and open all gates. Since he saw the world, in Deutscher's phrase, "pregnant with socialism," he was utterly unaware of the genuine humility and attention to detail so necessary to the successful fulfillment of more mundane human tasks.

'Dictator in the Wings'

Deutscher's first volume ends on an unhappy and foreboding note, both in terms of Trotsky's life and the future of the Russian Revolution. The Kronstadt sailors' rebellion had just been crushed, and the Bolsheviks, conscious that they had lost their major support in the country and were ruling an exhausted nation, relaxed the system of war Communism and tightened further their monopoly of political power. At Lenin's urging, the right of factions to organize within the party was abolished, and the party was thereby further centralized. Thus the forces were set in motion that in less than a decade were to totalitarianize both the party and the nation. As Deutscher phrases it in the very last sentence of the book, "The dictator was already waiting in the wings."

Deutscher is not altogether clear in his discussion of the critical developments in this period. While

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conscious of the degree to which democratic hopes were being destroyed by Bolshevik arrogance and intransigence, in various ways he justifies the process. But he tells the story fully. He recounts Trotsky's sad reply to someone who reminded him in 1920 of his 1917 pledge to the Petrograd soviet that "The hand of the Presidium will never lend itself to the suppression of a minority." "Those were good days," he remarked after some reflection. And yet he gave little evidence in 1920 of any conscious desire to bring them back.

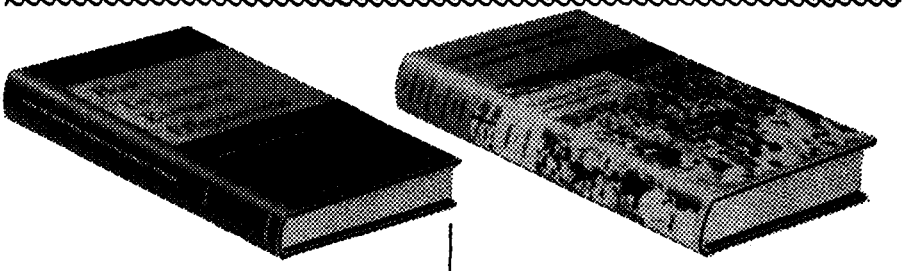
The failure of the Bolsheviks to relinquish the monopoly of political power which they had justified as a civil-war emergency measure indicated the degree to which the experiences of the underground and civil war had so hardened them, so convinced them of their unquestionable right to rule, so alienated them from those with whom they might have shared power, that they were incapable of playing a democratic role. The ease with which they launched the terror, the glib rationale they invented for subjugating the Kronstadt sailors, were symptomatic of a declining morality and loss of allegiance to the ideals in whose name they had seized power in the first place.

Deutscher acknowledges these things and recognizes Trotsky's personal role in them. And yet, in a curious way, he justifies the continued monopoly of political power, explaining that the party "clung to power because it identified the fate of the republic with its own fate and saw in itself the only force capable of safeguarding the revolution. It was lucky for the revolution—and it was also its misfortune—that in this belief the Bolsheviks were profoundly justified." Deutscher's inability to decide whether it was "lucky" or a "misfortune" that the one-party state was reinforced mars, in the opinion of this reviewer, an otherwise excellent volume. So does the misplaced scorn which Deutscher showers upon those Bolsheviks of the "workers' opposition" who in 1920 demanded a return to workers' democracy and workers' control.

THE POLITICAL tightening within the Bolshevik Party that Deutscher describes at the end of the book made possible the Stalinist era, in which a man of Trotsky's indelibly revolutionary temperament could no longer function. That Trotsky contributed so much to the establishment of the conditions in which a modern totalitarian movement could flourish is indeed a part of his personal tragedy. Trotsky's authorship of the theory of the "historical revolutionary birthright" of the party, which justified the continuation of Bolshevik rule even after it had lost working-class support, a theory under which his own faction was later ground to bits, is another part of that unhappy story.

But his inability to identify himself with established organizations and authorities led Trotsky, after some hesitation, to return to the revolutionary opposition for which he had so long trained himself, and then he turned his oratorical guns on the Stalinist bureaucracy. This, despite his earlier failures, is to his everlasting credit.

One awaits eagerly Deutscher's second volume, in which this next, and least known, chapter in Trotsky's life will be described.



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The History of Business And Vice Versa

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.

FORD: THE TIMES, THE MAN, THE COMPANY, by Allan Nevins with the collaboration of Frank Ernest Hill. *Scribner's. $6.75.*

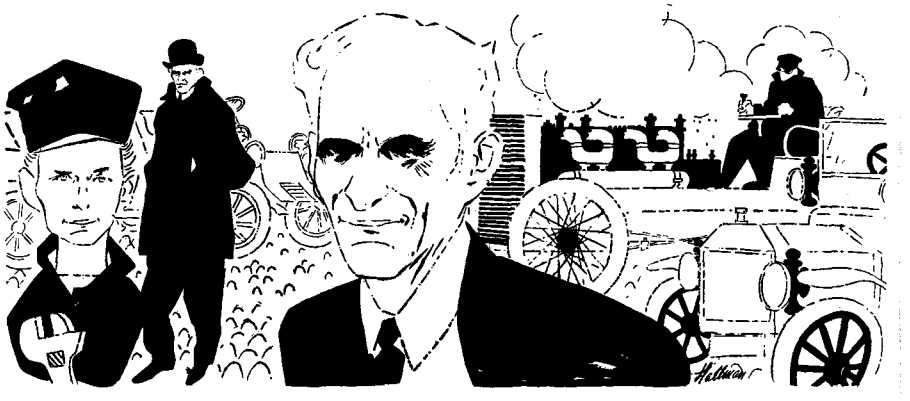
CAPITALISM AND THE HISTORIANS, edited by F. A. Hayek. *University of Chicago Press. $3.00.*

THERE WILL BE no end to books about Henry Ford; the man, the myth, and the achievement remain endlessly fascinating to students of American life. But all future Ford books will have to build on Professor Nevins's.

No previous historians have had adequate access either to the personal papers of Henry Ford or to the records of the Ford Motor Company. Two years ago these basic documents were finally brought together and deposited at Fair Lane, the old Dearborn home of Henry Ford, where a professional staff now maintains a first-rate historical archive. Professor Nevins of Columbia University, the veteran writer Frank Ernest Hill, and their associates have had full run of these collections. The result is the first thorough and documented account of the early history of the Ford Motor Company.

But it is much more than this. It is also an indispensable chapter in the history both of the automotive industry and of the modern processes of mass production. Here at last is one vital part of the exciting panorama in which the horseless carriage coughs and wheezes out of primitive machine shops and back-alley livery stables to transform the character and tempo of modern life.

THE EMERGENCE of Ford from the throng of ingenious mechanics and engineers who tinkered with motor-propelled vehicles in the last years of the nineteenth century forms the first part of the story. The gasoline internal-combustion engine had been developed as early as the 1870's; Daimler in France and Benz in Germany were patenting motorcycles by the middle 1880's. Ford himself did not build his first car until 1896, and it was not until 1906 that the United States produced more motorcars than France. But Ford, with his cheerful, unperturbed faith and his implacable vision, was moving more steadily than the others toward the future he had already glimpsed with such vividness: toward the mass production of a cheap, light, but strong car, rolling off the assembly line in ever-increasing quantities for an ever-expanding mass market.



The road to fulfillment was an uneasy one, marked by financial misadventure, legal confusion, and mechanical difficulty. Professor Nevins gives full credit to the genius of the blunt, rough-spoken, hard-driving James Couzens, who ran the business office while Ford supervised the factory and who, after he broke with Ford, achieved in politics what Ford missed and became a Senator.

Despite all obstacles, the curve of success rose ever upward. From 1,700 cars a year in 1903, the Ford Motor Company moved to the annual production of nearly a million in 1920; the net income rose in about the same period from $37,000 to $76 million. It was a time of exuberance in business and technology. This work records it in readable and authoritative detail.

Above all, the book is haunted by the restless, uncertain, possessed figure of Henry Ford. "Haunts" is the word because the full man never quite comes to life. We catch glimpses of the Ford personality: the young suitor, the tinkerer carrying on his mechanical experiments in the kitchen, the sensible man harassed by blueprints, the practical joker, above all the visionary who pursued his main vision while his minor ones trailed off into fantasy.

The Ruthless Dreamer

Yet somehow it does not quite add up to a characterization. There are occasional references to Ford's "mean side," for example, but this is not adequately tied in to the general portrait. And it is never precisely clear what Ford really contributed to the company, except that in a general way he contributed everything; he chose the men, criticized the models, took the chances, made the decisions, and cherished the dream. Perhaps this is all we need to know. Yet we want to know more about the man himself, and it may be that this volume, in its concentration on the company, skimps the man. We are not prepared—though the last chapter, "Rising Dangers," bringing the story up to 1915, begins to prepare us a little—for the erratic future, for the Peace Ship, for the Senatorial race of 1918, for the anti-Semitism, for the anti-unionism, for Samuel Crowther the philosopher, for Harry Bennett the policeman. The canny and successful industrialist Professor Nevins presents does not quite square with the strange, ignorant, powerful dreamer we know from other sources.

Both author and publisher are reticent as to whether this ends the story as far as they are concerned

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or whether there are more volumes to come. If the story is to be continued, it will have to venture more boldly into the personal mysteries and contradictions of Henry Ford the person. But this volume by itself is a solid and important accomplishment. With it, Professor Nevins gives students of American history one more reason for gratitude.

Business Heroes

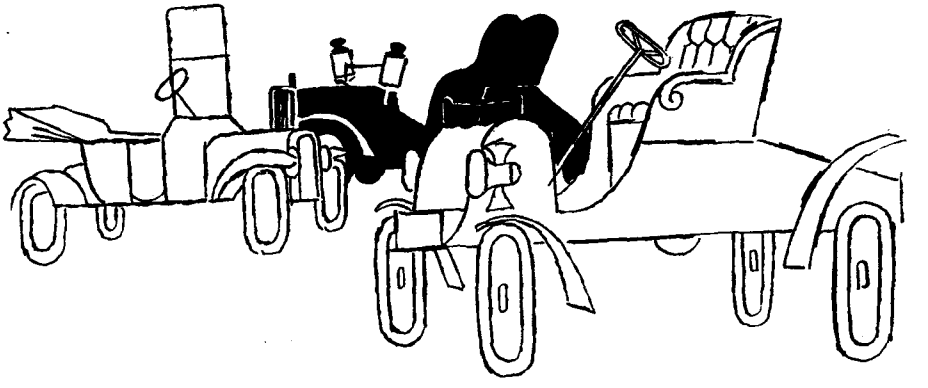
Indeed, it is more than time that the achievement of Allan Nevins through the years be given full credit. His fecundity is the envy and exasperation of the historical profession. But no one should overlook the high quality of the results. If his work rarely has startling originality of interpretation, it always has sense and penetration of judgment; if his style lacks the highest distinction, it is readable, graphic, fast-moving, and more than serviceable.

Professor Nevins is himself in a way the Henry Ford of the historical profession, producing tough, durable vehicles, not perhaps custom-built or tricked out with the latest gadgets, but reaching the destination just the same and generally lasting a good deal longer than fancier models. When one considers the corpus of his work—the extraordinary series of biographies, the Civil War history, the valuable editorial labors—one is hard put to find another historian who has made available so much knowledge on so many personalities and periods of our national life.

Professor Nevins has also been something of an ideologue among historians; and the publication of this work is likely to provoke further debate within the profession. In the summer of 1951, speaking at Stanford University, Nevins assailed in somewhat florid language the whole attitude of American historians toward American business. Our historians, he said, were given to a "feminine idealism." They were apologetic about our dollars, our scramble for wealth, our materialism; they spoke scornfully of the robber barons, "who were not robber barons at all"; they intimated that America had grown too fast. Balanced historical writing, Professor Nevins suggested, must do far more justice to "the leaders of our material growth—the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Hills, and Morgans . . ."

This view provoked a mixed response both within and without the profession. For some, it seemed to fit in all too neatly with the growing popularity of pro-business attitudes in a time when the business community was making its way back to political power. There have been many indications that the age of Eisenhower is like the age of Coolidge, at least in the conviction that the business of America is business.

After John Chamberlain berated American novelists in the pages of *Fortune* for not doing right by the businessman in fiction, Edward N. Saveth, a student of Professor Nevins's, followed suit in the same journal with an attack on historians. It was thus not surprising that the Nevins thesis struck many as one more example of capitulation under pressure—as another effort on the part of frightened intellectuals to get in good with their new masters.



THE RESULTING debate has taken odd turns. Thus Matthew Josephson, of all people, found himself upholding, in a recent magazine debate with Professor Nevins, an improbable but stout negative answer to the question: "Should American History Be Rewritten?" Mr. Josephson, author of *The Robber Barons*, has rewritten some history himself; but rewriting in the present atmosphere so alarms him that he would prefer to stand pat on what we have. Professor Nevins, Mr. Josephson suggests, is calling on historians to follow the election returns. The direction in which he would have history go, Mr. Josephson suspects, is toward the "big-business version of the American Century."

What Mr. Josephson especially fears is a witch hunt. Enough books have been banned, he implies, enough textbooks have been under attack, without Allan Nevins piling fuel on the flames by casting suspicion on all historians who have dared criticize the robber barons.

Don't Be Mean to the Rich!

One can more easily see what Mr. Josephson anticipates by examining a singular collection of essays recently published by the University of Chicago Press called *Capitalism and the Historian*.

This strange work, edited by Professor F. A. Hayek, is dedicated to the thesis that British and American historians, whether by spontaneous bias or calculated conspiracy, have methodically traduced and misrepresented capitalism in the interests of socialism. In Professor Hayek's book, the socialist net is spread wide; thus the institutionalist economists are "mostly socialists"—a judgment that

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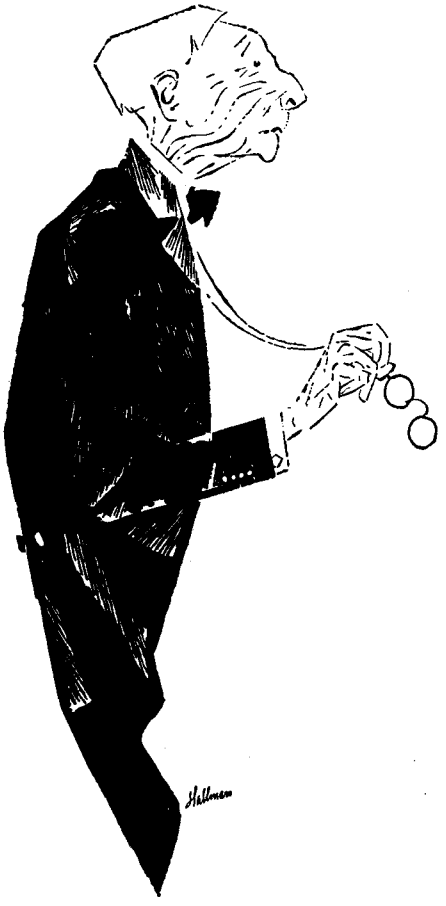
would have astonished the late Professor Wesley C. Mitchell.

The "supreme myth" by which historians have done their dirty deeds, according to Professor Hayek, is "the legend of the deterioration of the position of the working classes in consequence of the rise of 'capitalism . . .' " His secondary thesis is that historians have exaggerated the *immediate* ill effects of industrialism. However, his collaborator, Professor T. S. Ashton of the University of London, makes it abundantly clear later in the same volume that the evidence on that question, so crucial to Professor Hayek, is mixed and unsatisfactory. But facts do not deter Professor Hayek from his prime mission of indicting a whole profession—even one whose predominant views have been, in fact, most sedate and conservative. His effort, so far as American history is concerned, is enthusiastically seconded by Professor Louis M. Hacker of Columbia, an ex-radical who briskly dismisses present-day American historians as displaying a general "anticapitalist bias."

Capitalism and the Historians, with its lavish destruction of straw men, its belief in saliva tests for historians, and its general strategy of innuendo and smear, does provide some substance for Mr. Josephson's more dismal expectations. Yet an important gap remains between the position of Professor Hayek and that of Professor Nevins, although Professor Nevins sometimes obscures the gap when he issues veiled denunciations of historians who feel that "America had grown too fast." What historians? one is constrained to ask. When? Where? The Hayek demand would appear to be that historians stop criticizing the business community altogether. The Nevins demand, I take it, is something quite different: It is that historians recognize the conditions of industrial growth and stop accepting the achievements of productivity while denouncing the methods without which those achievements would not have been possible.

THE QUESTION of the "robber barons" is a case in point. Mr. Josephson wrote a book under that title twenty years ago to portray the architects of industrial expansion in the extraordinary generation after the Civil War. Now "robber baron" refers historically to those medieval barons who used to waylay merchants from their castles on the Rhine and hold them for ransom. While doubtless a lucrative activity, this was, in the strict sense, economically nonproductive. The robber barons, for example, did very little to raise the gross national product in Germany of their day. But the industrial leaders in America between 1870 and 1900, for all the looting and exploitation that accompanied their work, did double our national wealth in the twenty years from 1880 to 1900; and while the nation paid a price for this result, the price was considerably less than that paid by other nations—the Soviet Union, to name one—for the achievement of industrialization in a single generation. Is it fair then to write off the Carnegies and Rockefellers as "robber barons"?



It would seem that historians should recognize both the nature and the condition of this achievement and not dismiss our industrial leaders as a set of bores and thieves. To suggest this, I should add, is hardly to prostrate oneself before the National Association of Manufacturers. Indeed, two years before the Nevins speech at Stanford, precisely the same point was made in a book called *The Vital Center,* which is not generally regarded as a tract for the business community. And it is on this point it seems to me, that Allan Nevins is trying to enlighten historians, even though his rhetoric and some of the subsidiary controversies roused by his work may sometimes suggest otherwise. At least this is what his own work at its best, like the Ford book, does. Full recognition of the creative achievements of the business community in the economic field hardly compels the historian to assume in addition the general infallibility of the businessman, whether in politics or in culture or in ethics.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

There is surely an important distinction here. Of course historians should appraise properly the extraordinary accomplishments of American business in building the nation. Of course they should recognize that a free society is likely to be an economically pluralistic society. But when it is suggested that because democratic capitalism has been productive and free, the capitalists themselves have therefore been invariably right on all specific issues of national policy or taste, this is quite another matter. The almost uniform pattern of American progress is for the businessman to shout and scream over some minor proposal of reform that he comes to accept after one decade and to make money by after two.

Historians should give business full credit for its accomplishments, which are staggering. In so far as they have not done this, they have failed as historians. They need feel no shame in remedying this failure, even though this is a time when it is fashionable to be pro-business. But no sensible businessmen, I trust, or anyone else, for that matter, would wish historians to undertake a policy of adulation or to build a myth of business infallibility. This would fulfill Mr. Josephson's worst imaginings, and its long-run effect would be profoundly harmful to both business and history.

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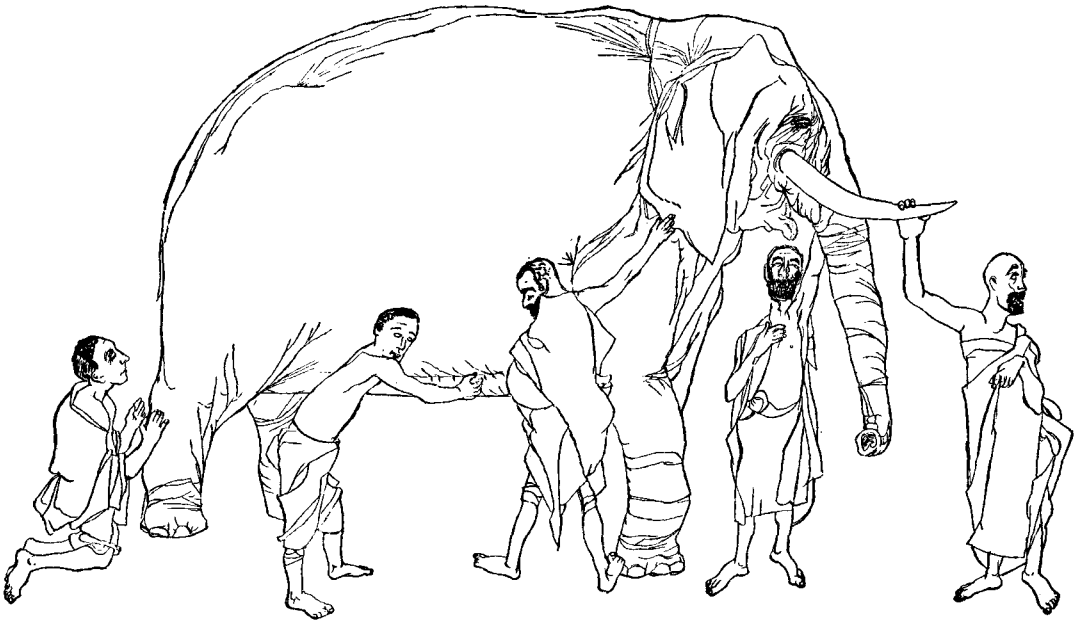

To get the whole truth you have to get the whole picture

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